The

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TWOPENCE

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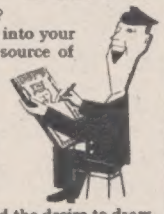

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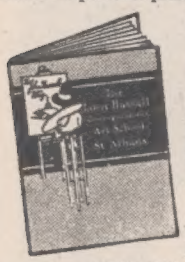

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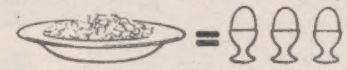

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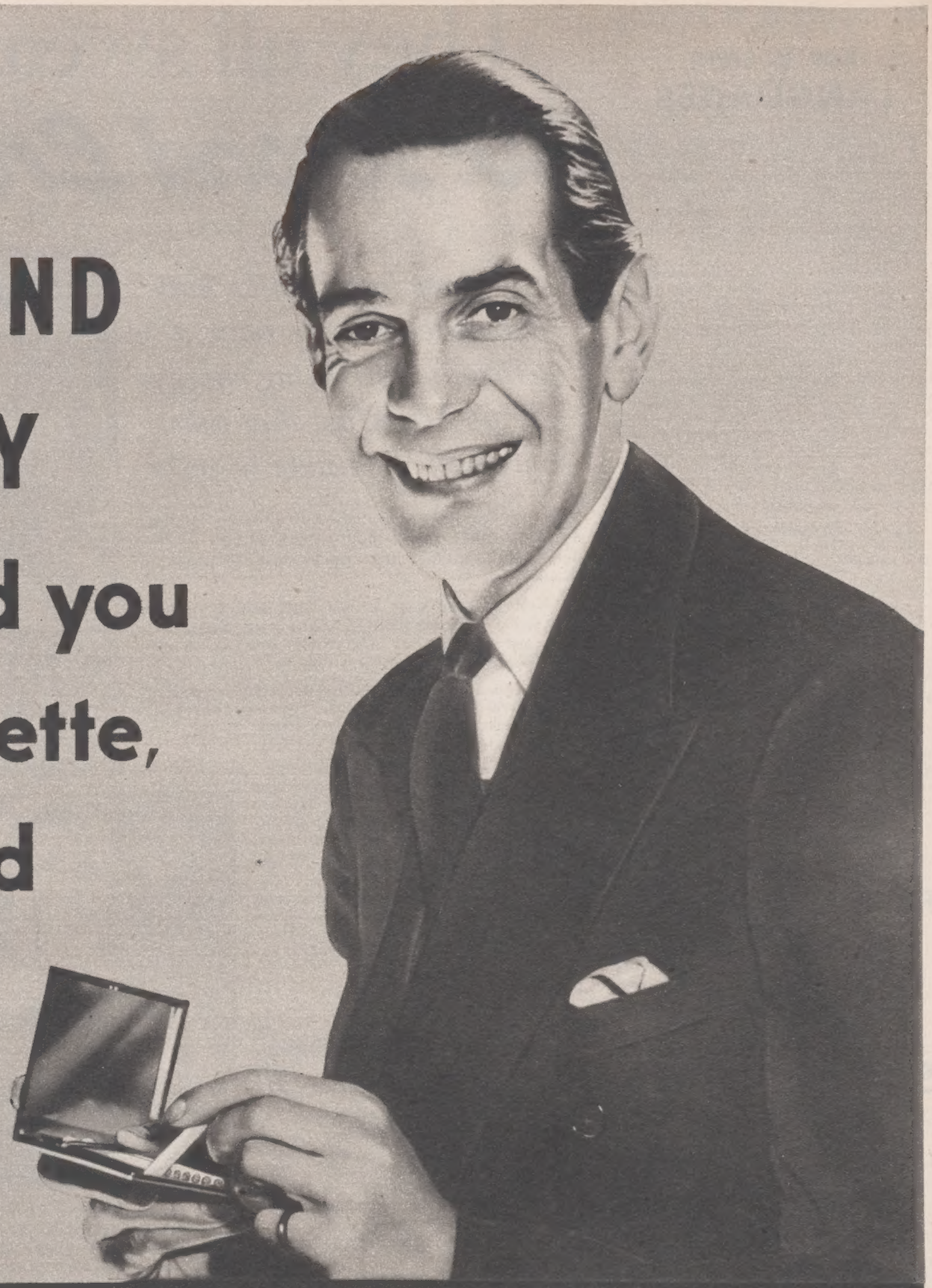

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 337 Vol. 7 SEPTEMBER 3, 1938

Dido Mallory was so used to queening it over her own set that when she fell into the power of an absolute monarch—and, incidentally, an absolute brute—her dethronement was catastrophic

BEARDED ONE

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SINCLAIR CALOW

OF course it was madness. A strange madness brought about by the sudden change from the heated atmosphere of the yacht's saloon to the immense world viewed from the deck. A pathetic, yellow moon, like a lopsided pat of butter, had crept up while Dido Mallory had been disputing with Ronald Griswold. The sea lisped softly, as if the little waves, pleased at seeing each other in the moonlight, were exchanging confidences.

Dido Mallory thought that she had never seen so many stars in the sky. The Polynesian plentitude of heavenly bodies startled her. Bright, watchful stars, interested fearfully in the yacht. Staring down at the angry girl-owner, alone on the deck.

Dido spoke softly to the stars. "It was wrong of him to tell me that I had taken too much champagne," she whispered. "He was insolent. He is but a guest and he has no right——"

She paused. The captain of the *Naxos* was approaching. He lifted his cap to Dido Mallory and halted as she thrust a white arm towards the bow.

"Is that smear an island?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss Mallory It is a little, outlying atoll of the Ellice Group. We pass within a mile of it to avoid coral reefs to the southward."

"Is it inhabited?"

"Oh, no. It is less than a mile square. A ring of coral with a lagoon in the centre. Natives visit it at certain seasons for the turtle fishing."

"Thank you, Captain Leonard."

The captain bowed and went his way. The girl glanced at the watching stars. Why were they looking down so intently? Why did the buttery moon stare at her? Were stars and moon waiting for her to make a pass or kick a goal to break up the dreadful scrimmage that had been going on aboard the yacht since the *Naxos* left Southampton? Her aunt, Mrs. Clara Kittredge, Ronnie Griswold, Georgette Harney, Johnny de Kruch, Patsy Pendleton and the rest of them had been, for weeks, in an angry huddle, and what had promised to be a very pleasant cruise had turned into a good imitation of a battle-royal. Surely the stars and moon were waiting for a turn in the play.

The *Naxos* was sneaking quietly towards the atoll. The girl thought the yacht was afraid. She recalled that Ulysses and his men always approached an island with fear and respect. Throwing white meal and the blood of black goats on the water. Why not? There was something thrilling about the dark island sitting like a sleeping whale on the silvery sea. A ring of coral with a lagoon in the centre, so the captain had said, and no human being upon it.

It was then that the madness seized Dido Mallory. The germs of claustrophobia ran riot. She rushed into her cabin. She tore the dress of embroidered tulle from her slender body. Slip and stockings, bracelets and rings were thrown aside. Naked now. Slim and white and beautiful.

She seized a bathing costume of black and scarlet. Hurriedly she put it on. Breathless, excited, she peeped through the door. The atoll was quite close now. She thought she could throw a stone that would land amongst a clump of wind-harried palms. Well, she was all set.

The deck was deserted. The whine of disputing voices came from the saloon. Dido sprang on to the rail and took a header. Down, deep down, and away from the yacht. The churning screw was a wicked thing.

She rose to the surface and took a quick glance at the stern of the *Naxos*. There was no visible excitement. The officers on the bridge would be looking ahead; the discussion in the saloon would run on till the small hours.

Dido struck out for the atoll. She was not afraid. She had competed in many long-distance swims. In the morning, when they found she was not in her cabin, they would come searching for her. Her action would tell them what she thought of the cruise. "Damn them all!" she muttered. "I'll have peace for twelve hours, surely."

Dido Mallory was quite close to the atoll when some thrusting body brushed her right leg. The touch brought panic. The first officer of the *Naxos* had told her days before that the sharks came in close to the reefs in the night, to prey on the turtles and lobsters.

She screamed and increased her stroke. The coral reef was near, but when she clutched at it she found it barbed and vicious. She fell back into the sea, whimpering with fear, then a big hand gripped her right arm and dragged her roughly out of the water.

In the soft moonlight she looked at the man. He appeared huge. He was naked, except for a twisted loin-cloth; a black beard, untrimmed for months, came halfway down his chest.

"Now who the devil are you?" he asked.

"I—I," stammered Dido Mallory, "I fell overboard from the yacht."

"How?"

"I don't know exactly. I was sitting on the rail and—and I lost my balance." She wondered a little why she lied, but a protective inner self urged her to keep her identity secret.

"An' this?" said the man, gesturing to her scarlet and black bathing costume.

"I was having a swim in the pool on the yacht while the owner and the guests were at dinner," she answered. "It is a privilege given to the maids."

"The maids?" he repeated.

"Yes, yes. I am maid to Miss Dido Mallory who owns the yacht. My—my name is Mary Riley."

He was silent. His gaze passed slowly over her. She was in a crouching position and she drew her bare legs under her. She had really beautiful legs. She glanced around in an effort to see the yacht. A clump of palms hid the lights of the *Naxos*.

His silence was frightening. She told herself that it would be better to talk in an effort to distract his attention from her legs. She wished for the

(*please turn over*)

first time in her life that they were not so shapely. What did maids talk about? Their employers, of course.

"Miss Mallory owns the yacht," she began. "Her father made all his money out of nitrates or something. She has a million pounds."

"Huh," he grunted.

"And—and there are other rich people on it," she continued, seeing that his cunning eyes had left her legs and fixed themselves on her face. "There's Mrs. Kittredge, a widow, and there's Georgette Harney, who's very, very rich, and—and there's Johnny de Kruch, the polo player, and Ronnie Griswold, who——"

"Griswold?" cried the man. "Ronnie Griswold? A little rat of a fellow with the face of a Peke?"

She knew it wasn't a fair description of Ronnie Griswold, but she didn't wish to contradict this man. "Well," she said, "he isn't handsome but——"

"He's a little swine!" cried the man. "If I knew he was on that damn boat I'd have swum out an' pulled him off!" The moonlight showed Dido that the nearness of Ronnie Griswold had brought hot anger to the face of the bearded man. She wondered why.

"You know him?" she questioned.

He didn't answer. After a long silence he asked, "When will they find out that you have jumped the ship?"

"To-morrow morning at seven," answered Dido. "At that hour I am supposed to get a bath for Miss Mallory. If I don't get it they'll hunt for me."

"An' what do you think they'll do?"

"Why—why," she said, "they'll turn the yacht around and come back searching for me. I'll—I'll signal from here."

He laughed grimly. "It seems to me, Mary, that you're abs'lutely ignorant of your place in the social world," he said.

"Why?" she demanded. Fear trickled into her heart as she put the question.

"You're just a maid," he said, quietly. "You're Mary Riley, a common slave to a very rich molly who's takin' a bunch of loafers on a sea ride. You're just zero in a social sense."

"And—and do you think," she cried, "do you think they won't search for me?" For just an instant she believed that she was Mary Riley and not Dido Mallory.

The giant laughed scornfully. "Of course they won't!" he cried. "They'll enter you in the log-book. What day is this. It's March, isn't it?"

"Yes, she answered. "It's the nineteenth of March."

"Well, they'll log your departure, Mary," he explained. "It'll be something like this. South of Nukufetau Group, seven point something south, one seventy-eight east, Mary Riley, maid to Miss Mallory, lost overboard. They might hint, Mary, that you had reasons. Unner'stand? There's cabin boys an' stewards on the boat, isn't there?"

She wished to say "How dare you?" or something like it, but his statement about the log-book terrified her.

"Another reason, Mary," he went on. "There's a hurricane due, an' the captain of that decorated ark wouldn't wish to be caught in this bunch of coral mushrooms when a blow is on. An' there's still another reason why Molly Mallory will have to get her own bath in the morning."

"What—what is that?" asked Dido.

"The fact that you won't be here if they do come back searching for you. I jest made a little visit to this atoll and I'm goin' back to my home, *pronto*, an' you're comin' with me."

She tried to speak but she couldn't.

"What did this Mallory jade give you?" he asked. "How much per month?"

"Ten pounds," gasped Dido, naming the figure that her personal maid received.

"Tosh," laugned the man. "You're worth 'bout ten shillings a month an' your keep. You'll get that from me. It won't be paid till the copra boat calls. Now we're goin' roun' to the other side of the island where my boat is. We'll have to cover sixty miles before the storm strikes."

"But—but I want to stay here!" cried Dido. "I know—I know they'll come back! I'm sure!"

He laughed loudly. "The lower classes are losin' all sense of values," he said, addressing himself to a nearby pandanus-palm. "Here's a damn fool of a workin' woman who's jest like millions an' millions of others an' she thinks that the yacht of a millionairess will chance shipwreck tryin' to find 'er."

He glanced up at the sky and became suddenly active. A covey of dark clouds were sweeping down upon the buttery moon.

"Come on!" he cried. "Get busy! This blow might strike quicker 'n I thought."

"I won't!" screamed Dido. "I wish to stay here where——"

He reached down, caught her left arm and dragged her to her feet. He shook her till her head ached. "Let's get this over quickly," he growled. "I've hired you at ten bob a month an' your keep. There's no courts or anything here. You're my slave, an' if you don't do what I tell yer I'll put you across my knee an' paddle you."

She was horrified. She was speechless, stunned, beside herself with terror.

"Pick up that fish spear an' march," he ordered. "I should have started before. Your silly yappin' has delayed me."

She obeyed, walking by his side as he struck out for the other side of the island. His threat made her keenly aware of the thinness of her bathing costume.

"Can you cook?" he asked, as they climbed into a native canoe with an outrigger.

"No," answered Dido.

"That s the worst of ladies' maids," he growled. "They learn nothin' but fool primpin' tricks. A man who would marry a lady's maid is worse'n an idiot. I'll teach you. Grab hold o' that baler an' use it when we ship a sea."

The storm struck them when they had covered three parts of the journey. They ran before the wind. The man howled orders at Dido Mallory. On hands and knees she worked with the baler as huge seas tipped their wave-tops into the frail craft.

He wasn't satisfied with the manner in which she handled the baler. He cursed her roughly. She was afraid to get within his reach. He was forced to cling to the tiller and she dexterously avoided his huge feet when they swung in her direction. She noticed as he attempted to kick her that he lacked a big toe on his right foot.

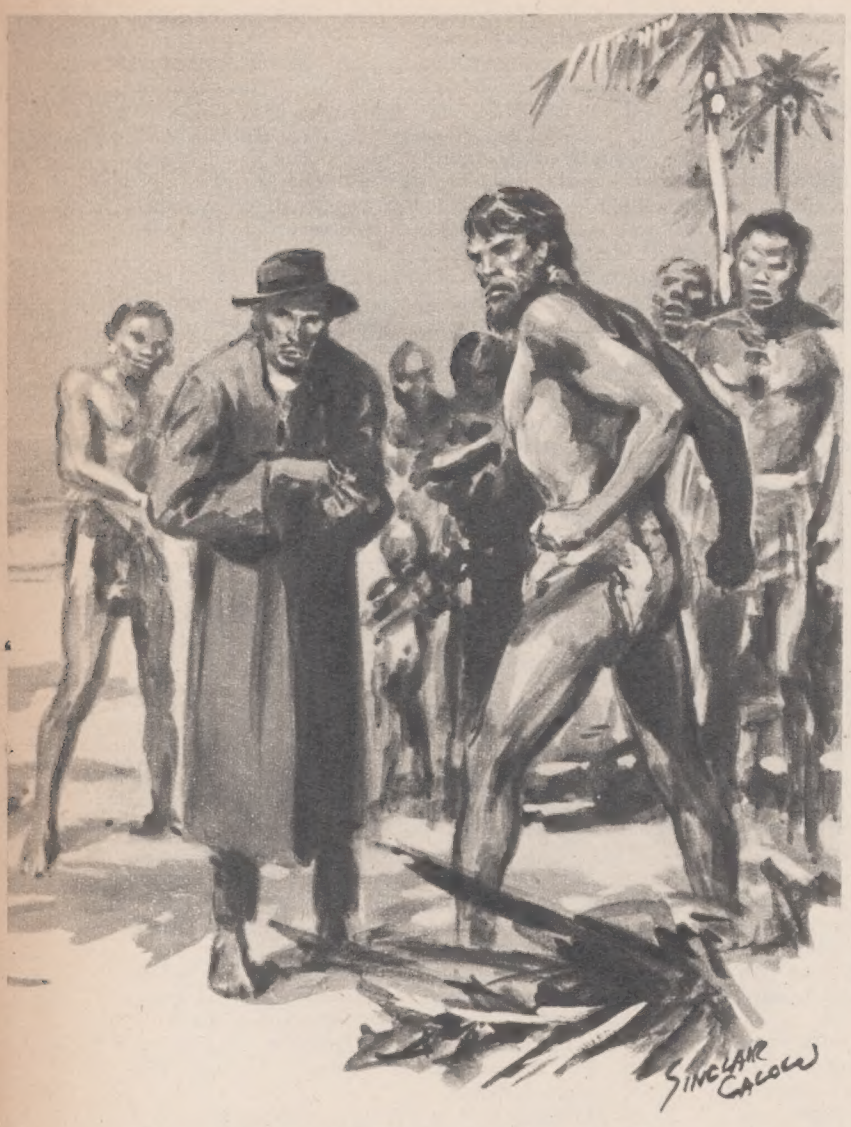
She was blinded by the swarming seas, her arms became leaden, her head ached, and a pain in the back of her neck made her scream each time she lifted the baler.

On and on they raced before the howling wind. Dido Mallory's mind became a blank. She tried to recall her name. The man had called her "Mary," but that was not her name. There was a yacht somewhere in the past. A beautiful, white yacht with a funny name. Now she had the name. It was *Naxos*. Triumphantly she repeated it. Why, she had christened the yacht. Broken a bottle of champagne over the bows. She had named it after the island in the Cyclades where Dionysus had found Ariadne after she had been deserted by Theseus.

"Why I'm Dido Mallory!" she cried. "Dido Mallory!"

She screamed her name to the big brute who held the tiller, dropping the baler as she did so. "*I'm Dido Mallory!*" she cried.

The man seized the soaked husk of a coconut and hurled it at her. It struck her in the face and she collapsed. She lay in the bottom of the boat and the filthy water slushed over her.



The crowd broke, shuffling back from the big beachcomber. The running, white stranger springing suddenly from the palms startled them. "Maleeriley" had gone and got herself a champion to fight the giant who wished to marry her. Nimbly they moved out of his way. He had the look of hurrying death

Dido Mallory returned to consciousness when the man pulled her roughly from the boat and laid her on the wet sand. In the dawn light she saw a group of startled natives staring at her. Anxiously she fingered her swimming costume. It had suffered a lot during the storm.

"Get up, Mary, and toddle up to the hut," ordered the man. "You're a bad example for the niggers lying there in that shameless manner."

She dragged herself to her feet and turned on him. "I'm Dido Mallory!" she cried. "I'm the owner of the *Naxos*!"

"That swipe I gave you with the coconut-husk has turned your topknot," he laughed. "Get a move on. Go an' cook something hot for me. This storm has caused a lot of damage an' I've got to fix things."

He turned away to give orders and, weary and exhausted, Dido took the proffered hand of a native girl and moved up the beach to a darkened hut. Now she had difficulty in hanging on to the belief that she was Dido Mallory. This brute who had enslaved her thought she was a lady's maid named Mary Riley, but she was not. She was the owner of a yacht in which friends of hers were voyaging. Mrs. Kittredge, Georgette Harney, Patsy Pendleton and Ronnie Griswold. She repeated the last name aloud. "Ronnie Griswold." The brute had called Griswold "a little swine." He had boasted that if Griswold's presence on the yacht had been known to him he would have swam out to it and pulled him off. She wondered stupidly what the elegant Mr. Griswold would have done.

She was in the hut now. It had a hard mud floor partly covered with mats woven out of screw-palm. There was a strong odour of tobacco and rum and copra. It made her faint. She stumbled against a bed constructed from sacking stretched upon a wooden frame.

The native girl roused her. "The Bearded One will be angry if food is not ready for him," whispered the girl. "The storm has made him hungry."

The native girl brought a battered coffee-pot and set it on the fire. On the big case, that did duty as a table, she placed ship's biscuits, a tin of sardines and a bottle of rum. She surveyed it nervously and asked approval from Dido Mallory.

"Now I will be your slave," said the girl. "He loved me till you came. Now he look at no other; because you are white like the sea birds and lovely as the flowers."

Dido Mallory's courage gave way, then. She burst into tears and she was still sobbing when the man stumbled over the threshold.

"What the devil is wrong with you?" he asked. "Here's a hut an' food for you an' all you can do is sniffle. Sit up to table an' have a bite of food. . . . You won't? Very well. Keep on cryin', Mary, but you're losin' face with the natives whimperin' like that. Do you still think that old ark of Molly Mallory's will come huntin' for you?"

"I—I know it will," sobbed Dido. "I'm sure it will. I have told you that,—that I am Miss Mallory, the owner of the yacht."

"You didn't think of that gag till I walloped you with the coconut-husk," he jeered. "If you got another wallop you might think you're the Queen of Sheba. Tell me, is this little rat of a Griswold chasin' the Mallory dame?"

She didn't answer. He watched her for a minute, waiting for her response, then, as she still remained silent, he picked up a sardine by the tail and flicked it expertly into her face. "When I ask a question you must speak up," he said, grinning as she wiped the fragments of fish from her cheeks. "I'll ask it again. Is the Griswold rat sweet on the Mallory dame?" His big hand hovered above the sardine tin.

"Yes," she answered.

"Think she'll fall for him?"

"I don't know."

"A maid should know 'bout things like that," he growled. "A maid has got nothin' to do but spy on her mistress."

She opened her lips to assert again that she was not a maid but the owner of the yacht, but words failed her. He was wolfing the sardines and the biscuits. He laced the coffee with a pannikin of rum.

"I would have liked to have seen Griswold," he said. "It's five years since I saw him last."

"Where was that?" she asked. It seemed strange that this brute knew Ronnie Griswold.

"At a place that you know nothing about, Mary," he answered. "At Cambridge. The college, y'know." He laughed loudly.

"Why—what were you doing there?" she questioned.

He detected the sneer in her voice. "Studyin', Mary," he answered, then, after taking a gulp of rum and coffee, he added, "Studyin' for the law." His humour delighted him.

For an instant she forgot the position she was in. "So—so you are a Cambridge man?" she demanded.

"Of course," he grinned. "Can't you tell by looking at me? Griswold is Cambridge, isn't he?"

"You," she cried, angry now at his brutality and insolence, "you are a filthy bully who never saw a college! If Ronnie Griswold ever meets you——" She got the sardine can with its oily residue then. It was very effective as a conversation clamp. The sharp edge of the can cut her cheek. The man rose as she wiped the oil from her hair and eyes. "Don't forget what I said 'bout paddlin' you," he muttered as he left the hut. "Might be necessary if you keep on bein' stubborn."

The native girl was sympathetic. She helped remove the oil from Dido Mallory's face. She whispered "He marry you one, two day; him send boat to big island for marriage man."

Dido Mallory's tongue was furred with fear. Horror clutched her. The dreadful silence of the place was like some choking liquid-glue that was slowly hardening around her. "When? *When?*" she gasped.

"Just now four men go for marriage man," answered the native, pleased that her information had startled the white woman. "The Bearded One say 'Hurry much.' He love a lot he always say 'Hurry! Hurry!'"

Dido Mallory was outside the hut now. She stared at the beach up which crawled rollers that had come from the Pole. The big brute who had kidnapped her was there, shouting and swearing at half a dozen natives who carried bags of copra. She stared at the sea. It was bare and lonesome. She recalled the words of the Bearded One. Perhaps the captain of the *Naxos* did fear the coral reefs. Perhaps the guests on board the yacht would support him in his belief that a search would be useless. Perhaps.

She thought of Ronnie Griswold. A warming spark of hope came into her heart. Ronnie Griswold would guess what she had done. He would remember the quarrel, recall the words he had used, picture her sudden dash from the saloon to the deck. And the state of her cabin with the discarded dress of embroidered tulle, the undies and stockings thrown here and there would convince him that she had, in her temper, jumped overboard to swim to the atoll! But she was now sixty miles from that atoll! *Sixty miles*! Would they persist in the search even if they did put back and search the tiny islet where she had landed? What clues would they find of her presence? Of the route taken by the Bearded One?

With a little cry of agony she fled into the palms, the native girl at her heels. The sight of the huge brute on the beach was maddening. What had the native girl said? "One, two day." The marriage man would arrive inside two days!

She swung around and screamed a question at the girl who followed. "This—this marriage man," she gasped. "Is he white?"

"Little bit white," answered the girl. Then, as if she divined the reason for the question, she shook her head. "He big friend of the Bearded One. Much afraid. Bearded One crack him neck like this." She snapped a twig between her strong fingers.

Dido Mallory, still running, broke through the palms at the far side of the island. The frightening stretch of bare sea came up against her eyes. Its terrible loneliness struck at her. The little islands that dotted the immense Pacific were but tiny, outcropping clumps of earth that the hungry seas forever fought to cover with their waters. She dropped upon the sands and wept.

Dido was whispering a word over and over when the Bearded One crept silently to her side. The word was "Ronnie!" Hardly aware of what she was saying, she had repeated it a hundred times while she lay in a crushed heap on the sand.

The big man reached down and shook her roughly. "What's all this?" he demanded. "Did the little Peke of a Griswold make love to the maids? Did he have an affair with you, Mary?"

She didn't answer, and he repeated his earlier lesson by bringing an open palm smartly against her cheek.

"First rule of Eka Island is 'Speak up quick when the boss asks a question,'" he grinned. "Let's have it again. Was Ronnie Griswold sweet on you?"

"Yes," she answered. The great paw of the fellow was ready for another blow.

"An' you think he'll come ahunting for you?"

"Yes."

He laughed loudly. "That rat has fooled with a lot o' maids," he gurgled. "He forgot you, Mary, the moment you tumbled overboard. I could tell you things about him."

"What—what do you know about him?" she demanded.

"A lot," he said. "I knew him well."

"Liar!" she gasped. "Liar!"

The big paw twitched but the man held it under control. He lowered it and made the thick fingers burrow in the twisted loincloth. "I'll show you something that'll prove it," he growled. "I'll show you whether I'm a liar!"

The fingers found the object they were seeking. The sunlight fell on the shining case of a watch. The man snapped the case open and thrust an engraved inscription before the eyes of the girl. Astonished, she read the words: "To Ronnie Griswold, winner of the Amateur Welter-weight

(*please turn over*)

Championship. Cambridge, November 7, 1928."

Into the mind of Dido Mallory flashed a story told to her months before, at Le Touquet. A few laughing words of a friend of Ronnie Griswold had brought from him a little tale of disaster. The friend had reminded Griswold that he was the runner-up in the fight for the amateur championship, the prize for which was the gold watch that now swung before the eyes of the girl. Ronnie Griswold had laughingly stated that the watch had brought him nothing but bad luck. It had tempted a man employed by his father, who had stolen it with a quantity of other jewelry and had managed to get clear.

"You—you were the thief!" cried Dido.

"*What?*" he roared.

"Ronnie Griswold told me!" said the girl, triumphantly. "A workman employed by his father stole his watch and a lot of jewelry. You're the thief! T'was you——"

She got it then. Not the open palm, but the closed fist. It knocked her senseless. . . .

The native girl was sitting by the side of Dido Mallory when she recovered from the punch. The big beachcomber had disappeared.

The brown girl stroked the hands of Dido and whispered advice. It was foolish to annoy the Bearded One. He was strong, very strong, and no one could stand up to him. If he beat Dido Mallory till she lay dead there was no one on the island who would lift a finger to save her.

"But it would be told and a British warship would come and punish him," sobbed Dido.

"No one would tell," whispered the girl. "He has done many things that are not right but no one ever told. Yes, a warship did call three moons ago, but all my people said that they very happy when officers put questions. They said the Bearded One was kind; they made nice lies about him."

"Would—would some of your people steal a boat and take me away?" asked Dido.

"They would be afraid," answered the girl.

"I would give them a lot of money when I found my ship."

The brown girl smiled. She had to humour this belief of the white woman. "The Bearded One says you dream of your ship," she said. "It is nice to dream like that. Many times I dream. I dream I was queen of many islands. The Bearded One say you work on ship."

"No, no!" protested Dido Mallory. She thrust out her hands to be examined by the other. "Look! They are blistered now because he made me bale in the storm, but they are not the hands of a workman?"

Carefully the other examined the shapely hands of the white woman, touching the long fingers daintily. "No," she murmured, "they not look like fingers that work. But there are no rings?"

"I took off my rings when I dived—when I fell overboard. They are in my cabin on the ship."

"It is a pity," said the girl. "If you had nice rings the Bearded One might believe you. My people might believe you. You have nothing. You come here in little shirt."

"But what I say is true!" protested Dido. "I am the owner of a beautiful ship. It will come here to take me away. The men on it will punish this brute who is keeping me prisoner."

It was dusk when the brown girl led Dido Mallory back to the little village. A group of men stood on the beach looking seaward and in the centre of the group was the beachcomber, a head taller than any of the natives.

"They watch for marriage man," explained the brown girl. "They think him come quick."

Dido Mallory couldn't control the little yelp of horror brought by the words. What could she do? Her brain struggled to find some avenue of escape from the fate that was approaching. The brutal ruler of the little islet intended to take her with the same careless contempt for her feelings as he would have shown in arranging a union with a maid of all work. And she was Dido Mallory, a virginal girl possessed of a fortune of a million pounds!

The situation was appalling. It was unbelievable. Away out somewhere on the surrounding seas was her yacht. On it were a score of men who would die to save her from such a fate, but they were ignorant of her whereabouts. Then a thousand miles to the northward was London. Her horrified brain strung a scarehead before her mental eyes. She thought boys were running with special editions through the west end. "Dido Mallory, Rich Heiress of Elijah Mallory, marries Beachcomber on Lonely Pacific Isle."

She would have fallen if the girl at her side had not supported her. The native led her to a small hut at the rear of the one occupied by the big beachcomber. Dido fell upon a mat stretched on the floor.

She refused food. She had eaten nothing during the day. The brown girl brought her bits of fish and stewed pigeon, but the great fear that was upon her had banished hunger. The terrible fear.

The night came down. The fearful quiet was punctuated now and then by a shout that came from the beach. In the moonlight, watchers were patrolling the sands hoping to catch sight of the boat bringing the "marriage man." The girl explained to Dido that the Bearded One had offered a prize of three sticks of tobacco to the first man who sighted the returning canoe.

Three or four times the native woman left the side of Dido to find out if the boat had arrived. Each time she returned with a shake of her head. The shouts were caused by the over-eager watchers sighting a turtle swimming in the moonlight.

"The Bearded One is there now," said the native as she came back in the dawn light. "He is angry. He thinks they should be here because the sea is calm."

When the sun came up Dido Mallory left the hut and peeped at the beach. The whole village was there. Men, women and little children. They were moving about, unable to keep still; the older ones talking excitedly, the little ones scampering along the sands, clapping their hands and shouting. A marriage was to take place that day. There would be feasting and drinking. The Bearded One had given orders. The Bearded One had told the grown-ups the name of his bride-to-be. They were repeating the name in chorus. Dido heard them. "Maieeriley! Maieeriley!" They accompanied it with gestures of the hands and much prancing.

There came a louder shout from the beach. A score of muscular arms were thrust seaward. The women screamed in chorus. To Dido Mallory the shouts and gestures were proof that the boat had been sighted. While all eyes were turned toward the sea the bride-to-be fled into the palms. . . .

Dido Mallory ran on and on. She had no definite plan. Her brain, tired with wrestling with a problem to which there was but one apparent answer, had now refused to struggle further. She was running wild, dodging through the palms, leaping madly through matted creepers that tore at her body with sharp thorns.

She came out upon the sands on the far side of the island. She ran along the beach, the little waves swirling around her bare legs. Now and then she found that she was crying out words, making assertions regarding herself.

"I'm Dido Mallory!" she screamed. "I'm Dido Mallory, daughter of Elijah Mallory, the Nitrate King! I'm not Mary Riley! I'm not! I'm not!"

She fell, picked herself up, ran on and fell again. She was in the act of lifting herself when she saw the figure. It came at a run around a bend in the shore. The figure of a man, naked except for a slip around his loins. He gave a wild shout of triumph and rushed towards her.

"Ronnie!" she cried. "*Ronnie!*"

Later, hours later, she tried to recall the words she had whispered to him as he lifted her to her feet. Wild words full of terror. Holding her in his arms he took them in, listening with his ears, his eyes, his skin. Listening in a way that startled her.

She was running beside him now. Pointing the route. He was moving like a bloodhound closing on a murderer. She was a little afraid of the manner in which he ran. It was frightening.

Once she had gasped out words of warning about the strength of the beachcomber. She wondered if he had heard. He had glanced at the bruise on her cheek made by the big fist of the Bearded One, and his eyes were black jade with the fury they showed.

Dimly she was aware of the manner in which she had been traced. They had found a thread of her bathing costume on the atoll. Also her footprints and those of the big beachcomber. The deformed toe of the brute had given them a clue. At another islet they had heard stories of him . . . Griswold had separated from the yacht and had reached the island in a native canoe. The *Naxos* would be along in the course of the day.

They broke from the tangle of forest into the belt of palms that sheltered the village. Griswold had increased his speed. He was running ahead of the girl. Somehow she was not afraid now. Not afraid of the outcome of the combat. She was running with a man whose indignation was such that he could not be defeated. His was an anger that gave him a courage that could stand up against frightful odds.

A hush came to the beach as they were sighted by the crowd surrounding the newly-arrived "marriage man." The fellow was a small half-caste, in a long black coat and a battered derby. His feet were bare and dirty and at the moment Ronnie Griswold and Dido Mallory burst from the palms he was counting the sticks of tobacco that the Bearded One handed to him as payment for performing the ceremony.

The crowd broke, shuffling back from the big beachcomber. The running white stranger springing suddenly out of the palms startled them. There was magic in his coming. "Maieeriley" had gone and got herself a champion to fight the giant who wished to marry her! A frightening challenger. Nimbly they moved out of his way. He had the look of hurrying death.

Dido Mallory, lips apart, eyes wide with fear, saw the clash. The wild, elemental coming together of two angry men. The dull sound of flesh against flesh, the quick intake and the sobbings of labouring chests, the flailing arms that jabbed and swung whenever an opportunity offered.

She knew nothing of the science of boxing. Nothing at all, but as she watched there crept into her mind a belief that Ronnie Griswold was possessed of something that the other lacked. Softly she prayed. Softly she returned thanks when the supple body of her protector moved swiftly out of reach of terrific blows aimed at it by the beachcomber. And there was comfort in the "Oh's" and "Ah's" of the watching natives when Ronnie's fists drove into the ribs of the Bearded One, bringing grunts of pain from his battered lips.

Elusive, evasive, tricky was Griswold; clumsy, blundering, awkward the beachcomber. A panther against a bear. The lighter man darting in when the moment came and inflicting terrible injuries before the other could get his balance to protect himself.

The Bearded One dropped to the sand. He clawed himself to his feet and rushed. Griswold evaded and smashed left and right into his ribs as he blundered by. Again he went down.

Crazed with temper, he begged a native to help him to his feet. Again he staggered forward to the attack. Griswold met him toe to toe. No dodging now. They stood and banged each other. The big man fell face downward on the beach. He lay there, a senseless mass.

As he fell, the gold watch that he had shown to Dido Mallory on the previous day dropped from his loin-cloth. Ronnie Griswold picked it up, looked at it; then, with a grin upon his battered face, he walked unsteadily towards Dido Mallory.

"I—I could box a little when I won that—that watch," he gasped, apologetically. "Bit out of—out of training now."

He stumbled and she put her arms around him. "Ronnie!" she cried. "Oh, Ronnie!" Then after a long pause she whispered: "You—you were right that evening. I—I had taken too much wine."

A native gave a loud shout of wonder and pointed to the sea. The eyes of Dido Mallory and Ronnie Griswold followed the pointing hand. Dimly seen in the soft sunshine, a white phantom on the blue water, was the *Naxos* steaming towards the island.

"It's nothing to the amount you'll drink this—this evening," said Ronnie Griswold. "Gosh, Dido, I'm thirsty!"

A DELICATE MISSION INDEED!

When a boxer thinks it's wrong to fight, how do you persuade him without getting hurt? Read

"A FAIR KNOCK-OUT"

by

A. R. V. NELSON-SMITH

NEXT WEEK

BY DAPHNE CLARE

GOLD STANDARD ROSE

The National Rose Society's show at the Horticultural Hall, London, next week, throws light on a growing industry to which you and five-million other amateur gardeners are paying £2,000,000 this year for 25,000,000 rose trees and bushes

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION rose trees a year are being sold in this country, nearly all of them to amateur gardeners, at an average price of 1s. 3d. each.

Most British householders keep a garden even if it is only a little one. And most of them take a pride in their roses though they may have only a few trees. The home gardener's interest in growing really good roses has, in fact, increased so that the sale of trees raised by skilled nurserymen has almost doubled.

Rose-growing has, since 1931, enjoyed a little boom. Last year there were not enough plants to supply everybody who wanted them. This year late frost and drought in March reduced the stocks of some growers by 50 per cent. So if there is again a shortage in the autumn it will not be surprising. Even though there is now four times the ground under cultivation that there was ten years ago, garden-lovers would buy more roses if they could get them.

The rose bush you or I buy and plant so carefully is the product of highly skilled horticulture. It is scarcely ever grown from seed. The stock is a sturdy briar rose specially grown for the purpose and upon this vigorous root and stem is grafted the bud from highly cultivated roses which give us such a variety of beauty in colour, form, bloom and scent.

Most of the briars are imported from abroad—90 per cent. come from Holland, the rest from Germany and France. The work of "budding" is, perhaps, one of the most highly skilled "jobs" in the industry. A man is scarcely ever ready to hold a responsible budder's job until he has had at least ten years experience. Even then he is just a beginner. It is the man who is round about 40 or 50 and has twenty or more years behind him who is regarded as really expert.

"What!" you say. "But I'm not a nurseryman and I've done some budding and it's been very successful." True, maybe. But whereas an amateur might consider himself good at the job if he budded ten or a dozen plants in an hour, the trained budder will do 50 or 70. It is speed plus skill that counts. For a rose-grower may have 10,000 or more trees all to be budded and he has only July and August in which to do it, so the man who can bud well and quickly gets good money; between £3 and £4 a week.

The sudden increase in the rose-growing business meant a serious shortage of these skilled men since there were only enough to supply the six or seven million trees then grown in the British Isles in 1931. This shortage has been a serious setback.

Producing new varieties is a side of rose cultivation that every grower goes in for on a bigger or smaller scale, yet there is no guarantee of results. Success is, in fact, so erratic as to be practically a gamble. A man may sow a hep which has been naturally fertilised and get a new variety, or he may experiment for twenty years before getting what he wants.

The usual method of crossing for a new variety is to select the parent plant and have it in a pot under glass. When the flower is in full bloom the petals are stripped off, leaving the stamens bare. With a brush the nurseryman carefully collects pollen from the other rose he wishes to cross it with and "paints" it on to the stamens. The plant remains under glass until it goes to seed.

When the seed is ripe it is sown, but it may take anything from one to four years to germinate; the delicate seedlings are carefully watched. Another highly skilled branch of rose-growing is being able to detect early, which plants will be of use.

From the single flower the seedling produces, the grower decides whether he has got a new variety worth putting on the market. If he is lucky and gets a good specimen he buds it on to a sturdy stock and from that does his producing.

On the other hand a new rose may be stumbled on almost by accident. Dr. Williams who is an amateur rose fancier and a past president of the National Rose Society, did that 20 years ago. In the garden of his home at Horsham he planted, in 1918, a hep from one of his own bushes just to see what would happen.

Some of you may have in your gardens to-day a golden yellow rose called Emily Grey. It is the progeny of that hep. For, much to Dr. Williams amazement one of the seedlings produced a beautiful new rose. In the year it was brought out it was a best seller. Twenty years after, growers are still producing it and it is still one of the best sellers.

Yet a German named Wilhelm Kordes had quite a different experience. Ever since the war he has been experimenting to get a good hybrid from that very prolific rose, Caroline Testout. He wanted one with all the good qualities of the mother plant but with a better colour and scented. Year after year he tried and at last in 1936 he got Crimson Glory.

On the other hand, Mr. Archer of Sellindge near Ashford, Kent, was lucky in 1927. He is an amateur and in one season he produced a new rose from Chateau de Clos Vougeot and Kitchener of Khartoum, known popularly as K. of K., which won a £250 cup. This rose is still sold in thousands every year.

Most growers think it helps to advertise a new rose if it is named after a celebrity. The craze for it has grown to such a pitch that the King has forbidden roses to be named after members of the royal family except with special permission. They must be tested out at the trial grounds of the National Rose Society, at Haywards Heath, for at least two or three years. The Society's report must say that it is a good grower and altogether a rose in advance of any in existence of that type.

Though producing new varieties involves so much risk and trouble growers are very lucky to make £1,000 out of one. All they ever make is what they get from the first year's sales. There is no such thing as patenting a new rose. After the first year it is anybody's property.

But some growers make the most of sales in other countries by having agents who grow and handle their roses for them on a percentage basis. The German grower of Crimson Glory, for instance, has an English agent at Norwich. And a firm at Nottingham are the agents for Pedro Dot, a Spanish grower of Barcelona.

Since the war he has sent to England everything of his stock that he possibly could send. It will remain here as long as the war lasts. When the war is over he hopes to take it all back again to Barcelona.

MESSENGERS OF

First chapter from the autobiography of
FRANCIS FOSTER,

soldier, traveller, priest and favourite "Passing Show" story-writer, who has met some very queer people during his life. He starts with an Indian mystic whose prophecies, so far, have come uncannily true. Another chapter appears in a fortnight.

I THOUGHT he was an ordinary fortune-teller.

The strange illness I had contracted at sea had resulted in my being taken to Colaba Hospital so soon as we docked in February, 1918. The doctor there, like the ship's doctor, failed to identify the trouble—perhaps it was a recurrence of earlier trench fever, contracted in France. Anyhow, it did not last long, and in a week I was convalescent. As I lay one day in a roorki chair on the hospital verandah, I became aware that a venerable Indian was standing beside me.

I never learnt how he gained admittance to the hospital. Possibly he had been allowed in as an entertainer to convalescents like myself.

He salaamed deeply.

"The sahib permits?" he asked in excellent English—which was as well, for I had no Hindustani then.

A little startled I asked him what he wanted.

He was studying my face—the face of a young man of 22.

"Will the sahib permit me to tell him something of his future?" he asked.

New to India as I was, I did not know what to make of the situation. I supposed he was a fortune-teller and I was not impressed by his offer, for I was not superstitious and I did not believe that forecasting the future was possible. But I was bored and I had no book.

"If you like," I answered.

He squatted on his haunches. "The sahib is new to India," he began—an inauspicious start, for there were several reasons why he might have guessed that. For one thing, I had not yet acquired an Indian complexion; for another, I had not attempted to answer his questions in Hindustani—an Englishman in India never uses English to an Indian if he has at least a smattering of Hindustani.

"He will not stay long in India on this occasion," the fortune-teller went on. "Only a month or two."

I smiled my unbelief. True, the war was still in progress, and Indian troops were in Palestine and Mesopotamia; but I knew the rule that a newly-joined officer had to stay with his regiment at least a year (in order to learn the language) before going "on service."

"At least a year," I answered, and explained why.

"Only a month or so," the Indian insisted. "The sahib will go over the sea again—this time to Egypt and Palestine. But he will see no more fighting."

No more fighting! But how did he know I had seen any service so far? He might have imagined, if he knew anything of such things, that I had newly come from Sandhurst.

I frowned, I suppose, for he smiled slightly and said, dropping familiarly into the second person, "You see?"

"Go on," I said, a little impressed.

"And after the war you will become a staff officer," he went on.

"I think not," I answered. "I haven't any ambition that way. I want to remain a regimental officer."

Again he smiled.

"But you will not be a staff officer long because you will leave the Army," he went on.

"Not if I know it!" I said. "I'm a Regular."

"I know," he remarked, simply. "Nevertheless you will leave, and you will have much money—not very much, actually, but it will seem a great deal to you."

"My dear man," I said, "I haven't a relative or a friend in the world who would leave me a single shilling, let alone much money."

"There are other ways of obtaining money," he observed.

"Not in the Army!" I laughed.

"Not in the Army," he agreed; "but you won't be in the Army. The money will be some sort of reward or recompense."

"Is that all?" I asked, disappointed, for it was pleasant to learn that I was to achieve wealth and I would have liked to hear more.

"For the present," the Indian answered. Then, "Sahib, do not laugh. What I have said means nothing to you—or to me, for that matter. Yet I have a purpose."

I could not help being struck by his manner. Also, his appearance belied the idea that he was a charlatan; indeed, despite what he had said, and his apparent object in telling my "fortune"—for I did not doubt that he was now going to ask for money—he impressed me more than I cared to admit.

"You do not believe what I have said," he went on. "Yet——"

"You're an old rascal!" I said, forcing a laugh. "Get along with you! How much do you want?"

I expected that he would stand up and name his price; but he did neither.

"There is no hurry, sahib," he answered; "and I am no fortune-teller. I do not need money."

Now this was a strange matter. I was worried about it. I was becoming aware of mystery; and I disliked mystery. The verandah on which I lay was close to the sea and should have been comparatively cool, but I was hot.

"It is easy to prove that what I have said is true," the Indian's voice came to me. "Your name is Francis, is it not?"

I felt easier now. "Wrong," I said.

He frowned.

"Certainly my second name is Frank," I said, feeling a little sorry for him, "but that isn't Francis, and I am never called by that name."

"Perhaps I am thinking of the future," the Indian said. "After all, 'Frank' is the diminutive of 'Francis.'"

Although I knew nothing of Indians so far, this way of speaking amazed me. For I still believed that the man was a fortune-teller—an unlettered man who could not have learnt English so thoroughly that he could use such expressions. And certainly as an Indian he ought not to have known the connection between "Frank" and "Francis."

"I could tell your past as well as your future," the man said. "Does the sahib permit?"

"It doesn't matter to me whether you've forecast correctly or not," I answered, testily. "You haven't told me much, anyway."

But it did matter; I knew that it mattered a very great deal. For here was I new-come to India and on the edge, as it were, of a very great mystery. If he didn't want money, what was the man's object? Vaguely I was afraid—not of him, for he was harmless enough, but of the unknown. I have never liked anything that savoured of occultism.

"Does the sahib permit?" he repeated, softly, "——for the past is yours. Indeed, you *are* the past for you embody what you have experienced. I may not enter it without your consent."

"I don't understand you," I said. "But if you can tell me of things in my past, of course I shall be impressed, for no one in India, so far as I'm aware, knows anything about me."

"And you haven't a servant yet who could have told me anything," the old man prompted me.

"No; I haven't a servant yet," I agreed, not at the moment wondering how he knew that. "If you can tell me anything of my past it'll be—well, I don't know how you'll do it."

"You have been recently in an accident at sea—perhaps a wreck."

This gave me a jolt, for I certainly had been involved in a wreck—in the Mediterranean, not three weeks since. But I said nothing.

"You have been wounded—in France," he went on, after, a slight pause.

Predisposed to scepticism I told myself that this was only a guess; many soldiers had been wounded in France.

"The wound was in the arm of the writing hand; and you have been a writer and will be again."

And now indeed I was startled. I looked at him in amazement. His eyes were closed.

"You came to India because of a woman."

"Not directly because of a woman," I began in what must have been a scared whisper.

"You have been educated for religious purposes and——"

I listened aghast as a vivid picture of my stay at a theological seminary in Oxfordshire came to my mind.

"You were, years ago, accidentally responsible for starting a disastrous fire. You——"

"Stop!" I commanded, urgently.

"Is it enough?" he asked. "I entreat your pardon, sahib. I was not probing your past to satisfy myself. I will look no more."

"Who are you? Why have you told me all this?"

He ignored the question. "In after years I shall see you again," he said softly. "Meanwhile have no fear. Remember what your Shakespeare wrote—'There is a destiny which shapes our ends.' So long as you submit to destiny—to the direction of the Lord Brahma—you will not go astray."

My heart was thudding. It is impossible to describe how I felt.

"I am going now," the Indian said. "We shall both be older when we meet again, and by that time Destiny will have led you——"

"Tell me more of the future," I begged him so

MYSTERY

He stood up and I was surprised to see how tall he was. "Salam, huzur," he said, softly. "So you have come back."

urgently that I was almost out of my chair, despite my weakness.

"Forecasting the future is for fools," he answered. "I forecast a little of immediate events in your life only to impress you. How else could I have made contact with you but by pretending to be a mere fortune-teller?"

"But why have you come to me?" I demanded again.

"Only to make myself known to you," he answered, "so that you may be able to come to me later, if need arises. . . . There is only one thing more," he went on, "the seed of the future lies in the past. It is good to reflect on one's past. It is enjoined on all Buddhist devotees that every day they trace their past backwards—it is important to work backwards——and some have become so adept that their memories have been remarkably opened. They can not only go back into their earliest childhood but sometimes beyond birth."

Beyond birth! To what? Yet I dared not ask the question.

On the table alongside was a tablet of notepaper and a pen—for I had been writing letters earlier. He bent down and wrote. Then tearing off the page he gave it to me. Mechanically I glanced down at it. It bore the single word, "*Ananda.*"

When I looked up he was gone.

I was sweating. Lying back in my chair I tried to collect my thoughts. Why had this strange man singled out me, a subaltern newly come from England, and spoken to me as he had done? That he had come to the hospital purposely to find me was obvious.

It was all utterly incredible. It was impossible to believe that I had not been dreaming. But the paper I held in my hand was proof that I was awake. I did not know what "*Ananda*" meant, but I supposed that it was a name—the name of the Indian who had "read" my past and forecast my immediate future.

Now I thought about it, he had not said very much about life, yet I had the extraordinary impression that he had told me more than I had ever learnt before.

Especially my mind concentrated on that idea of his that one could open the doors of memory if one practised retrospection. One could go back to one's birth—*and beyond.*

I shivered and tried to banish the thought, but I could not. Instead, I wondered how far into my past I could think back. It was not very far, possibly because I did not work backwards as Ananda had instructed.

Before I continue with this strange matter it is necessary to sketch in my background, and this is an opportune moment to do so. Although I was at that time only 22, I was a seasoned soldier, having served in the trenches in France and Flanders and been wounded, as Ananda had said. I was now in India because I had transferred to the Indian Army and intended, after the war, to make soldiering my profession.

Ananda's remark about my having been a writer was a reference to the fact that at an early age—immediately after I left school, in fact—I had been a journalist in London. But that was not the limit of my experience, for, intending to take Holy Orders in the Anglican church, I had stayed some time in a theological seminary, conducted on monastic lines, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

So, you see, although I was, in 1918, still very young, I had accumulated a considerable amount of experience. And largely because of that I was the least credulous of young men; hence, I was not likely to have been victimised by the man who had "told my fortune" that afternoon in the Bombay hospital; I was able to examine the matter rationally and dispassionately.

But to what end? As I have indicated, Ananda could have known nothing whatever about me so far as gaining information from outside sources was concerned. And he certainly did not gain his knowledge telepathically, for some of the incidents of my past which he revealed were not in my mind at all at the time, and as for the future—well, I obviously knew nothing of that.

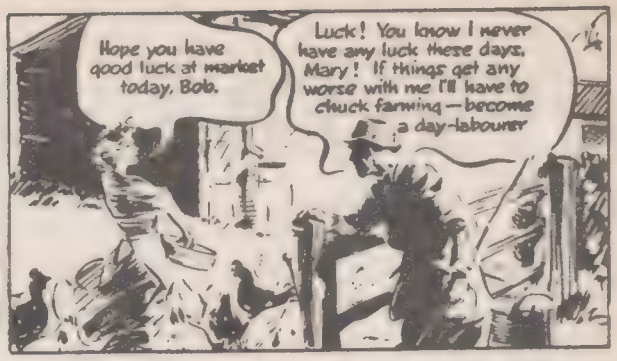
Ananda's first prophecy came true at once. When I joined the 70th Burma Rifles at Secunderabad I found that only one officer besides myself had seen any active service. Consequently, when, a couple of months later, the regiment was ordered to join the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, I was easily able to persuade the C.O. to let me accompany them, despite the fact that I was so newly joined. And when I asked for this permission I certainly had no thought of Ananda's prophecy in my mind; I did not remember it at all, in fact.

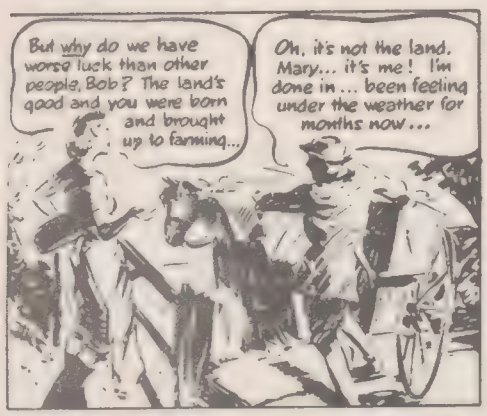
Had I not proceeded on service with the regiment, I should have been left behind in command of the depot. It is of some interest to note that in that case I should probably have been drowned some weeks later, for several officers of the depot met that fate while boating on the Hyderabad lake one day; with my fondness for aquatic sports I should most certainly have been one of that party.

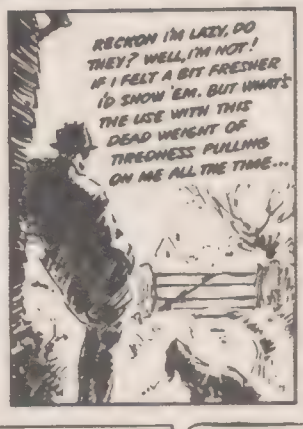
Then the second prophecy came to pass. I saw

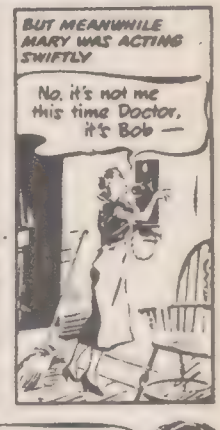
(*please turn to page* 13)

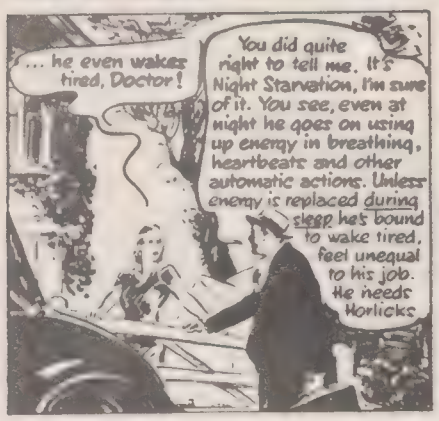
BACKBONE OF ENGLAND

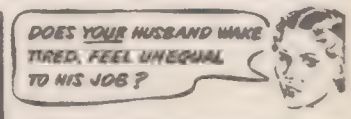












IF so, give him Horlicks, a cupful regularly last thing at night. He'll wake refreshed every morning. In a few weeks he'll get all his vitality, 'drive' and self-confidence back. Get Horlicks today. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1 -.

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Thin or Bald on Top?.....
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Have you Dandruff? .....
Is Scalp Dry or Oily?.....
What Severe Illness?.....
How Long ago?.....

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Care of the nails and hands is more important than care of the teeth, hair or clothes.

1/3, 3/-, in tubes or jars.
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Order a 1/3 tube or jar from your chemist to-day. Use it for a few weeks. If you are not absolutely amazed at the wonderful improvement, post us the wrapper and we will refund your money without question or quibble. Do it now!

KEENE'S LABORATORIES,
287 Gray's Inn Road, London.

no more active service during the Great War, for although the 70th Burma Rifles went to Palestine, the regiment did not get nearer the front line than Gaza, but was kept behind guarding lines of communication and prisoners-of-war.

The next prophecy did not come true till the war was over and I was back in India. In January, 1920, I was offered and accepted the appointment of Adjutant to the 91st Punjabis—which was certainly a staff job, though not of the sort I had visualised

You will remember that the next forecast was that I should leave the Army shortly afterwards. This, too, was realised, improbable though it seemed when Ananda had spoken of it, for while I was on the Waziristan Campaign in 1921-22 an old wound in my foot turned septic, and I came home on furlough. Afterwards the constant suppuration so weakened me that I became really ill and in a moment of acute depression sent in my papers.

What of the money I was to receive? It came in an unexpected way. In 1922 the authorities discovered that there were too many captains in the Indian Army, and they offered a special gratuity to those who voluntarily retired. I took advantage of the terms and received a small pension for three years and a lump sum of nearly £2,000.

It was in 1919 that I saw Ananda again. At that time I was in the 38th Dogras, a "crack" infantry regiment of the Indian Army, and had been stationed since the end of the war guarding prisoners-of-war in the Egyptian desert. The C.O. was called upon to detail one officer to act as adjutant of a ship carrying horses and mules from Suez to India; and I was chosen.

The voyage was a highly exciting one, for the south-west monsoon was raging and the ship was one of only a few thousand tons. What with the intense heat of the Red Sea and the stormy conditions of the Indian Ocean, we lost many animals as a result of colic or broken legs.

The return to India was, of course, bound to revive memory of Ananda, the "fortune-teller." I had, as it happened, quite forgotten him until about a day's distance from Karachi. The ship had been sailing smoothly through the Indus-stained yellow sea, which was a still and sheltered lake on the lee of the land, and I watched the little twisting current-lanes that wrinkled its surface and led into mysterious distances. Then suddenly I recalled how, the last time I had come to India I had been taken ill while still a day from land. This naturally started a train of thought which inevitably led to that "fortune-telling" at Colaba Hospital.

It was not without a shock that I found that so far the prophecy had come entirely true.

After we reached the rest camp I thought much about Ananda. I felt that somehow I had to see him again. He had deliberately entered my life, and I was sure that there was purpose in the event. How or why I could not imagine. Indeed, I had no ideas about the matter at all. It is true that during my stay in Egypt I had collected quite a large library of books about India; for native Indian officers had interested me considerably in the philosophy of the country, and I wanted, too, to understand their outlook on life. Indeed, among my books was a very rough translation of part of the Hindu Scripture. But I had not thought much about Ananda at all till now.

I could not hope to see him. So far as I knew, I should stay several days in Karachi and then be shipped back to Egypt. There was no apparent chance of going to Bombay.

On the fourth day, however, I received orders to proceed to Bombay on a B.I. boat. I embarked two days later and reached Bombay in due course.

I was told to go to an hotel and await orders, so I went to the Taj Mahal. In a couple of days, to my relief, I was instructed to embark on a hospital ship for Egypt four days later—I was to be accommodated on a hospital ship because, owing to the post-war rush of people in the Orient to get to England, all the liners were crammed to capacity.

I had four days, therefore, in which to find Ananda, and I had not the least notion how even to begin the task. I had already inquired about him at Colaba Hospital without result.

On the fourth day of the week's stay in Bombay I went up Malabar Hill—as every visitor to Bombay is bound to do—in the morning. In the afternoon I went down to the shore at Colaba. I had no real idea in my head; indeed, all I wanted to do was to think—to think, if possible, of a way of finding Ananda—, and I chose the shore because the city was very noisy to one who had been accustomed to the deep and satisfying silence of the Libyan Desert.

I found Ananda sitting on a rock, staring into a pool in which a large crab had taken refuge. I recognised him at once. Indeed, when I had seen the still figure some distance away I knew, although I could not see his face, that it was Ananda.

My shadow fell across the pool. He turned slowly. He stood up, and I was surprised to see how tall he was—I do not know why this had escaped me at our first meeting.

"*Salâm, huzur,*" he said softly. "So you have come back?"

"You knew I had gone away?" I asked in return, after answering his greeting. I spoke, unconsciously, in Urdu and was at once sorry, for his English was infinitely better.

He smiled. "You have learnt a great deal of Urdu," he complimented me. "But I do not speak it well. It is only a camp language, you know."

This, of course, was true, for Urdu, or Hindustani, is a sort of Esperanto invented for his mixed soldiery by the Great Mogul.

"Let us talk English," I said. ". . . I have been trying to find you."

"I know," he answered. "I could not help, unfortunately."

I was conscious that his bearing and manner were quite different from what they were at our first meeting. Then he had been deferential, even ingratiating; now——

"Shall we sit down?" he said, seating himself again on the rock. He glanced down at the crab and then at the rising tide. "Well, my son" he went on in his soft voice, "why have you sought the old fortune-teller?"

"Because you are not a mere fortune-teller," I said. "I don't understand what it all means. I don't even understand why I've tried to find you again. But here I am, anyhow."

"It is good," he told me, "that you are of a mind to submit to Fate. 'There is a destiny that shapes our ends. . . .' Unfortunately, most people interpose their own will and make the direction of Fate impossible."

"Do you really believe that?" I asked.

"Examine your own life," he answered. "Whenever you took what Fate offered you, were not the consequences seemingly ordained? On the other hand, whenever you have deliberately planned the next move in your life have you not been disappointed in the result?"

"But the man who plans his life," I protested, "is the man who makes a success of it."

"Success!" Ananda echoed. "You mean that because he has achieved ambition he has seemed to be successful. But of what use, my son, is the gaining of this, that and the other if it is ultimately purposeless? . . . You are to think in terms of eternity. Material achievement does not satisfy a man who has really developed a soul—something that will survive his death."

"But all this is mere speculation," I said. "After all, belief in survival is only belief; survival isn't necessarily a fact. I used to believe in survival. I neither believe nor disbelieve now. These last few years——"

"I know," Ananda interrupted. "Doubt is the very beginning of intelligence. Not until you have begun to doubt can you start to create for yourself, for what you have previously believed in is merely what you have been taught, which is of no value to anyone."

I looked a question.

"You are the creator of your own universe and your own future," he went on. "You will learn in time that nothing was made in the fabled 'beginning.' God creates now, and He creates through His creation. You have mind; that mind is part of the mind of God. As it visualises, so it creates; the subjective becomes the objective. The very stars that you see exist in your mind before they exist in space."

"I don't understand that," I said.

"Listen, then," he answered. "Not that you will understand when I have told you; but you will take this away with you, and later on—perhaps years later on—you will suddenly comprehend. . . . First, let us assume that God exists. What is He like?"

"He is a spirit," I answered promptly, looking out to sea and wondering for the thousandth time whether God were real or not.

"But spirit is simply the antithesis of matter," Ananda objected. "If matter does not exist——"

"But we know it does," I interrupted.

"Your western science," Ananda said, "will tell you—and this idea will grow during the next twenty years—that the ultimate 'particle' of matter is the electron; and an electron is simply electricity—energy, that is. You may know that an atom consists only of electrons and space; the electrons move in the confines of an atom just as the planets move within the confines of the solar system; and they are *relatively* as distant one from another, as the planets are."

"Yes, but——"

"And atoms in conjunction," Ananda went on, unheeding, "make molecules and molecules cells—yet the basis remains the same. It is simply electrical energy. This is as much the ultimate constituent of light and scent as it is of solid matter. Any modern scientific text-book will tell you that."

I was still only twenty-three, and I had never thought of matter in that way before.

"But how," I asked, "does the illusion of density—weight—appearance—arise?"

"'Illusion' is the right word," Ananda answered. "When atoms are conjoined and molecules are conjoined, 'appearance' comes into being. Yet nothing has been interposed. The ultimate so-called 'particle' still remains the invisible, formless electron. What gives it appearance is mind. The electrons are conceptual energy of the Mind of God. He thinks; this is His thinking. The universe is a thought-form; so are all the phenomena in it. They exist in the Mind of God, and only mind can realise them—re-conceive them. You have the parallel in wireless telegraphy. One instrument sends out electrical energy; others receive and reconstitute it. It is we—not God—who make matter, who invest the Divine pictures with objective appearance. Our minds receive them and——"

"But that means," I exclaimed, "that our senses do not photograph; they—they——" I stopped, unable to express myself.

"Exactly," said Ananda. "It is our minds which receive the pictures from the Divine Mind, and we project them through our senses so that they become objective. The fact that we all see the same things is explained by the fact that we all receive the same impressions."

I stared out to sea, trying to understand this.

"God is Mind, not spirit," Ananda said. "We talk—or at least Hindus talk—of the Mind of God, just as though God had a body and as though His Mind were in His head. But God is all-Mind—Mind and nothing else. We are all-mind too—that is to say, all that is real about us is mind. . . . Now tell me, my son; does not a man dwell in his own mind? You would say that you dwell in the world, but apart from the fact that the world is a subjective creation projected through your own senses, do you not really dwell in your own mind in another way? Your true self reposes in your thoughts, many of which are not objectified. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What has God—all-Mind—to dwell in but His Own Thoughts?"

"And we are His Thoughts," I said.

"Exactly," answered Ananda. "He has His Being in us. His Thoughts are Himself, which is to say that we are God—or rather, the evidence of God."

"But that means," I said, "that God is not perfect."

"What does 'perfect' mean? It is simply a realisation that improvement is possible. Man has always visualised God as being better than himself, but only relatively better; the extent of man's visualisation of the perfection of God is dependent

(*please turn to page* 33)

Bennie was lucky to inherit second sight from his aunt, otherwise he might never have come to his senses,

"RICH GIRL'S FANCY"
by
B. L. JACOT

NEXT WEEK

SELLING *is*

HE stood there in front of my desk, slender and gawky and apologetic. He had a sort of a detached look, too, as if his face were thinking about one thing and his eyes were thinking about something else.

His name was Sylvester Trout. You run into some pretty dreamy fellows in the advertising business, but this one took all the prizes. I could see why they'd just let him out at another advertising agency. They were quite a hardboiled outfit and, over there, star-gazers didn't have a chance. With us, they sometimes did pretty well.

He showed me some of the advertisements he'd written. With the new razor-blade account we had, we needed help right away. So I asked him what kind of money he'd like to make.

Sylvester shuffled his feet and wrung his felt hat as though it were a dish-rag. "Well," he said, "I was thinking if you'd hire me, I'd work for nothing to start."

"That's about what a new writer is worth the first few weeks," I told him. "But we might even go a little higher for the right man." Then I explained the advertising we prepared for our various clients; a shirt manufacturer, an insurance company, a motor manufacturing account and a brand of pickles. He looked vague and didn't pay much attention to what I was saying. To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking about what I said, either. I was too fascinated in watching the way he abused his hat.

He came out of his coma when I told him he was engaged. I handed him an armful of stuff on the new razor blade account. "Here are the interviews with consumers and shops. These are the scientific findings and reports of our meetings here in the agency. Here are the razor blades we're advertising, and some competitive blades. Sit down and see what you can cook up. I'll ask Marion Hale to get you a typewriter and a place to hang up what's left of your hat."

"Marion," I said, when I found her, "we'll need a desk and typewriter and stuff for the new copy writer. His name is Sylvester Trout."

"Sylvester Trout. Not actually Sylvester *Trout*?" She started to laugh.

"Yes, Sylvester Trout. And look, Marion, do me a favour and don't start making fun of him."

"What is he like?"

"Well, think of a thin Stuart Erwin. Think of Laurel and Hardy."

"Both of them?"

"No, the little, sad one. And, Marion, remember what I say. Please don't rag him. He couldn't stand it. And if you'll excuse me for saying so, you're a fool to do it to anybody. If you'd start making shy men feel smart, instead of vice versa, you'd win friends and influence people. Why don't you start out by telling this new man he's wonderful?"

Marion needed that advice. She was just too proud to hand out a little soft soap. In other ways, she was clever. Handled minor personnel and the payrolls beautifully and purchased our supplies with knowledge and thrift. In her spare time she gave out good advice to everybody from the big boss down. Sometimes we took it, too—sarcasm and all.

I went into the boss's office. For once he was nice as could be. Oh, he could be pleasant enough when he wanted to, with a barrel full of charm that he could turn on and off like a tap. But don't get the idea we thought well of the boss. We loved him the way China loves Japan.

I told him about Sylvester Trout and what we ought to pay him. He said by all means and then he gave me a lecture about having a hundred and fifty salaries to pay and why I shouldn't give so much to a new man. But he let the salary stand. Patted me on the back, told me the razor blade account was shaky already, so I should work on that and nothing else. Then asked me to do two or three things on other accounts before the morning, turned on the smile again and stood up as a hint to leave.

That next week Sylvester worked to beat the band. One morning, when I came in the office, he'd been there all night. All over the floor were home-made charts, and pictures like a seven-year-old youngster draws, and sheets of typewritten advertising copy, edited and marked up until it looked like a road map.

That night, when I was ready to leave, Sylvester was still at it. I walked in his office and saw him with his hair mussed and his fists clenched, looking at razor blades under a microscope.

"Great Scot!" I yelled. "Who do you think you are? Louis Pasteur? This can wait. Go home and get some sleep."

He smiled in a forgiving sort of way and shook his head.

"All right," I said, "if I can't lift you out of the gutter, I'll get in with you. Want me to show you how to do it?"

He stopped working. His voice sounded sort of far away.

BELIEVING

There may have been madness in his method, but when he wrote advertising copy, Sylvester Trout proved it pays to idealise

BY ROBERT T. COLWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

"I'm sure you could. But I'd like to win this battle alone."

Well, I knew wistful people are the kind that get things done, but I certainly felt guilty, letting him work so hard. So I offered to pitch in and help. He said it was fine of me and explained his main idea about razor blades—a good one, too. Then he showed me the piece of copy he was revising.

"The next thing I would do," he said, "is to write a hundred headlines."

So we divided up—fifty apiece. Two hours later I handed him fifty good ones—plenty of zip to some, others more on the sober side. He laid them down beside his own and started crossing out most of his and most of mine. You could see what he was doing—weeding away all the ones that sounded too flashy, then the ones that sounded high pressure, and then the ones that had a snarly tone to them.

In the end, there were only half a dozen left. He went over them carefully, took the piece of copy he had and wrote one of the headlines at the top. The rest he inserted at various places down in the body of the copy. Then he read the whole thing over, and seemed to be waiting for something to happen. He sat studying the copy for I don't know how long. Then he made four small changes, writing fast with his pencil. He picked up the copy and read it over again, his lips moving.

This time something really did happen. He gave a sudden start and his eyes lighted up as if he were a convert at a revivalist meeting.

"Come on!" he said. "Let's go!"

I put on my hat and handed him his. "I don't wonder you're hungry. When did you eat last?"

He looked at me with a hurt expression. "But we can't eat *yet*. Not until I buy the razor blades."

"Oh," I said. "A sword-swallower."

"You don't understand," he explained patiently. "That's my system. I've kept working and writing until I found something that made *me* want to buy razor blades. When I had the ad. right, it gave me a regular jolt. I'm sort of psychic, I suppose, because when things strike me like that, they hit other people the same way. Only it affects me much worse. After I read it, I just *have* to buy whatever I'm advertising, or I'd go crazy."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Hell! you're crazy now." We had come to an all-night coffee stall. "You go and satisfy your passion for razor blades," I told him. "For my part, I'm going to get a ham roll and a strong coffee-black."

The next day the boss wanted to revise Sylvester's copy. So did the client. But when I thought of that light in Sylvester's eyes, I was afraid to let them change a word of it. Of course, I didn't mention Sylvester's system to a soul, because in any business they still burn witches, one way or another. But I did wangle things so the ad. ran exactly as Sylvester wrote it.

We started it in provincial newspapers for a test. It worked like magic. The sales were sensational, and before long it turned out to be a big national campaign.

Next, I put Sylvester on our big shirt account. Then on pickles. And when they both started going great guns, just like the razor blades, I knew we had a gold mine. Even Marion admitted the lad had genius. But she wouldn't say so to his face. She didn't actually make fun of him, but she never let out a word of praise. And I could see he was hungry for a kind word from her.

The poor mutt didn't realise that Marion would never praise anybody.

"Look," I said, "I'll explain it for you. Marion is a female. Females are funny. Some make too much fuss over men. Some don't make enough. That's because they're proud. Marion is clever. Pretty, too. But proud. It would just kill her to turn a little humbly to somebody and say, 'You're wonderful.' But I'll tell you this. If she ever does say that to the right man, he's going to fall right slap in love with her."

"Yes," said Sylvester, "I certainly would. I mean, somebody certainly will."

One night Sylvester took me to his little two-roomed flat. It was a pleasant place—nice pictures, good books. But over in the far corner was the strangest collection you ever saw—a storage battery, a washing machine, a tricycle, and three bags of pastry flour.

"They're no real use to me," Sylvester explained. "I bought 'em when I wrote the ads."

"Tell me," I said, "what happened over at the other agency? Why did they let you go? You must have got results. Couldn't they put up with all the hocus-pocus?"

Then he gave me the whole story. His ads. worked splendidly whenever they were run the way he wrote them. But everybody wanted to change them. So he told them they mustn't make revisions —they must obey his "voices." Then they felt sure they had a maniac on their hands—and the rest was history.

"Well," I warned him, "don't let history repeat itself. I don't mind believing in miracles, so long as they work, but some people don't understand. The boss, for instance. Anyway, I'm glad this came up, because in a month or so I have to go up north to start a new radio show. While I'm gone, try to act as normally as you can. Keep away from the chief. Either wire me or tell Marion."

I had been away only a few weeks when I got a wire that read: "YOUR BATTY WRITER IN QUOD SHALL I RELEASE HIM OR REPLACE HIM MARION."

I caught the night express for town, arrived the next morning and Marion gave me the gory details.

(*please turn to page* 16)

But just then Sylvester slunk in, kneading his hat. "I bought it," he groaned. "I had to buy it." He looked at the chief like a sick calf. "I hope you won't mind paying for it"

The boss had thought up a great idea on our motor-car account. He wanted to take five pages in a magazine and advertise all five models of the line. After Sylvester wrote the ads. so well he hypnotised himself, he just naturally marched down to the showroom and bought all five cars. The sales' people knew our agency handled the advertising account, so they didn't insist on an immediate payment. But when they came round to collect, the Trout just looked blank and said he had not got the money. So they took the cars away. Sylvester brooded and read the ad. over until he got his supernatural flash. Then he ran down and tried to take the cars out again, one at a time, by force. Next stop, police station.

The boss hadn't heard about all this. That was luck. Anyway, Marion and I got Sylvester out of gaol, took him to his room, locked him in, and went to see the chief. Marion was afraid he'd fire Sylvester.

On the way to see the boss we were trying to decide whether I should tell him the true story of Sylvester Trout. We decided not. It would only upset him and, besides, I am such a liar, he wouldn't believe me, anyway.

He was friendly enough at first. Asked why I came back so soon. I told him I'd heard about his five-models' idea on the automobiles and thought he might need help. He said no, the whole idea was killed. They weren't going to advertise five models, only the sedan.

Well, that was a great relief. And with any reasonable salary increase, Sylvester *could* afford one car. So I launched out on the subject of more money for my demon copy writer. And the war was on.

The boss started wailing about those hundred and fifty salaries he had to pay. He had nothing against Sylvester, but it made the total too high.

I knew the answer by heart and gave it with gestures. "I am the first to acknowledge that this firm we love so well is a business enterprise, not a philanthropic institution. I realise the perils of an unstable financial position." I delivered this in my quiet, but resonant baritone. "I appreciate the necessity. . ."

I paused to see if he were visibly touched.

"You're cracked," he said.

I could see it was time to drop the oratory and start calling him names. After ten minutes of that I showed him sales' records of the products where Sylvester was writing the advertising. They were grand, every one of them. Then we fought back and forth. I offered to resign and he offered to sack me. Anyway, it ended up by Sylvester getting exactly half the increase I suggested.

I should have known. If I had half a brain I'd have asked for twice what I wanted in the first place.

Just then I thought of another thing I might as well fight for. I asked if Sylvester could please work on the boss's pet account, the insurance company. He said certainly not and we both started yelling and screaming. I finally won my point by threatening to leap out of the window and kill myself. I wouldn't have done it, but the chief thinks all writers are touched, so he probably believed me.

The insurance company account, I considered, was just right for Sylvester. He'd sell the public, and himself, on all those tables that show how you can retire in comfort at fifty. Not that I cared if Sylvester died rich, but I wanted him to save a little money each week until he got fired.

When Marion and I got back in Sylvester's apartment, I rose to dramatic heights. I told him it was unfair to society to use his great gift to persuade people, including himself, that they should buy new cars when they couldn't afford but one. He should be glad justice had triumphed and the idea was killed. Then I tore up the ad. and told Marion to find all the copies and burn them.

"From now on," I told him, "the problem is different. All you have to do is make yourself buy one sedan. What's more, you'll earn enough to pay for it, starting next week. And another thing. The insurance company is your account from now on."

When you give a man more salary and a grand new account, you get a terrible temptation to pat him on the back. But I avoided it like a master.

During the whole thing he kept looking at Marion with those imploring eyes of his. If she'd said one kind word, he'd have thrown himself at her feet. But she didn't relax one inch. I remarked about it later, but she just tilted her chin and said she'd done too much for Sylvester as it was. That made me wild and I told her so.

"If I may coin a phrase," I said, "you women are a pain in the neck."

Of course, with all these goings on, Marion learned all about Sylvester's system. And when Marion knew anything, she always did something about it.

You see, Sylvester was working pretty hard, twelve and fourteen hours a day. Really hard work, too. Because writing advertising is like writing anything else. You can do some pretty good practical stuff without killing yourself. But when you want to write something really fine, you have to tear out a little piece of your heart and put it on paper. You exhaust yourself. That's what Sylvester was doing. And for a girl who claimed she cared nothing, Marion certainly seemed worried about it.

He wouldn't take a holiday. So Marion made him. She signed up the Lotus Travel Agency account. Before I knew it, she had Sylvester writing ads. for a ten-day cruise to the Mediterranean and, before he knew it, he'd bought a ticket and taken the boat.

Well, he got a holiday. That was good. But we had to tell the boss why. And that was bad. When we explained Sylvester's séances to the chief, I thought he'd explode.

"I won't have lunatics in this firm," he screamed. "Throw him out!"

Then I saw red too. "You're not angry because this chap is eccentric," I told him. "You're angry because you *have* to pay him what he's worth. The more things he sells for our clients, the more he has to buy for himself. And the more he has to buy the more he has to earn. In fact, you'd better put him down for another increase at once. He's writing copy on five accounts that make him spend money, and one that makes him *save* it. Sylvester won't ask for a step-up unless he needs it, but when he needs it, he's got to have it, and he needs it."

The chief finally suggested something that looked like a good break for Sylvester. He was to get less actual salary, but the boss would pay for all the things Sylvester bought. The proposition really surprised us, it was so fair. In fact, we thought the chief had suddenly developed a streak of integrity. But one lives and learns.

A few days later he called me into his office.

"About Sylvester Trout," he said.

"We haven't used the strait-jacket for three days," I told him.

"No, not that. I'm thinking about these things he buys. They run into a good deal of money. We can save part of that expense."

"If you're thinking of taking the things he buys and selling them back," I said, "it just won't work. Every so often he reads over the old ads. and if he doesn't have a washing machine, or whatever it is he goes crazy all over again."

"No," he said, "I wasn't thinking of that. But I have been able to bring in a piece of business big enough to justify his whole time but still a product that won't involve any large expenditures on Sylvester's part—a toffee account."

"It's a plot!" I yelled. "You've knifed Sylvester in the heart."

A MAN TEMPTED BY FRUIT

finds once again that when there's trouble in a garden the woman often scores, as in the delightful story . . .

" NECTARINES "

by

S. L. BENSUSAN

NEXT WEEK

Of course that wasn't really true. It was a fine account to have, and the chief didn't get it just to spite Sylvester. But after all, the poor chap wasn't getting any fabulous salary and it seemed only fair that he should get little extras like a car the boss paid for, and a free flat.

The boss didn't think so. "After all," he said, "I have made an agreement with Sylvester. I intend to live up to my part of it and I expect Sylvester to live up to his."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Very well, but sometimes why don't you try to act like a human being instead of the Merchant of Venice?"

Anyway Sylvester had to handle the account. He worked day and night and did all sorts of mad things. Had a couple of famous doctors in, giving physical examinations to people who sucked toffee and the ones who didn't. One day he fired off a gun and took a flashlight picture to see if the toffee-suckers jumped less than the others.

But he couldn't get an idea that satisfied him. Even when I gave him a new hat to pull apart, he couldn't write anything that made him froth at the mouth and go rushing down the street to buy toffee.

One day I gave Sylvester a suggestion. "When I'm stuck," I said, "I always do something new, even if it's wrong. Why don't you take a train out to their factory? Different people make toffee in different ways. Perhaps this toffee is made from costlier sugar, rolled with contented machines, or packed in more friendly tins. Why don't you go out and see?"

He went out, took along a photographer, and surprised us all by basing his advertising campaign on what he saw. All about the fine ingredients and the spotless plant, the capable people, the world-wide organisation; everything that made this the finest toffee concern since time began—a company that made you proud to work your jaws.

His copy was really thrilling. Sylvester kept writing and reading it and revising and reading it again, waiting for that electric shock that made him foam at the mouth until he could buy things.

Then I saw him dash towards the door. His eyes shone as though they had a light behind them. He didn't actually yell "Eureka," but I knew he had the inspiration. He was crazy for toffee.

I grabbed Marion and dragged her into the boss's office.

"The divine madness is on," I announced. "I didn't see the last draft of the copy, but it's all about the toffee concern and how good they are. Your troubles are over!"

The chief thought a minute. "They're over if it sells toffee."

"It ought to," I retorted, "it sold Sylvester. And when Sylvester is sold on toffee, we shall become a nation of suckers. But that's not the main thing that's on my mind," I said, summoning up a little tear in my voice. "I want you two to know that you are blighting the career of the most promising young advertising man it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

"You, chief, with ill-advised economy and a shocking lack of moral fibre, have robbed a brilliant young man of the financial success he might rightfully expect. This, in turn, has a sad effect on Marion. She admires brilliance, and might easily fall in love with Sylvester if he would once do something clever. But no. He continues to let you make a fool of him. Hence, he is dumb. And dim wit ne'er won fair lady."

"Heavens!" Marion interrupted, "are you standing for Parliament?"

"No, just making a fair statement in the Case of the Cold World versus Sylvester Trout. Oh, that poor, poor lad!" I stifled a counterfeit sob and prepared to wring the hearts of my listeners.

But just then Sylvester slunk in, kneading his hat.

"I bought it," he groaned. "I *had* to buy it." He looked at the chief like a sick calf. "I hope you won't mind paying for it."

I barged in with biting sarcasm. "It is well known that the chief is extremely fond of a penny. But after your glowing description of our client's business, I feel safe in saying he will not begrudge you any number of pennies for their toffee."

This time Sylvester nearly tore his hat to bits.

"Toffee? Oh, yes, I bought that, too. But after I read over my ad. about what a marvellous firm it is, I went out and bought ten thousand shares of their stock. I *had* to."

Well, that floored us all. The boss came to first. And what do you think? He laughed and laughed and said the joke was on him. I always said he was a great chap.

Marion was laughing, too. Then she looked up at Sylvester and held out both her hands. "Sylvester Trout," she said, "I think you're wonderful."

IT'S GOT TO BE CLEAN

Down in the country thousands of farmers are under contract to deliver so much milk daily to the great distributing concerns. I watched the whole complicated business from cow to consumer. It was uncommonly interesting

BY L. G. BRANSON

Very little time passes without observations of one kind or another. There is painstaking research at every stage from farm to doorstep. In the country, during the rail journey; immediately on arrival at the depot

DO YOU realise that 160,000 farmers in England and Wales alone produce milk and the annual value of the production side of the industry is nearly £60,000,000?

Lorries loaded with churns speed from farm to collecting-station. They undertake here the first of many, meticulous examinations.

Each consignment is checked over by an expert, who makes chemical and bacteriological analysis, a freshness test, another for cleanliness and so on. After being cooled to 40 degrees F. to prevent souring, the bulk is poured into giant, glass-lined railway tanks holding 3,000 gallons apiece. Our milk is on the way.

Day in, day out, working all through the twenty-four hours, a big processing depot will deal with upwards of 60,000 gallons of milk. If that does not convey very much, just think of the morning pint multiplied by nearly half a million.

At a station, where only milk-trains stop, the huge tanks wait, ready to be emptied by compressed air, pumping out 120 gallons every minute. These containers, incidentally, are extremely efficient pieces of scientific mechanism, insulated to prevent any rise in temperature even on the hottest day. Men wearing special rubber suits actually climb down inside to clean them. That will give you an idea of the size.

These people also go in for bottle-washing in a big way, which is the reason for eight immense tanks of caustic soda solution. It's a sort of Turkish Bath for bottles that kicks off at 90 degrees, increases gradually to a maximum twice as hot, and subsequently drops back to a paltry seventy-five. In rows the bottles move slowly through, serpentine fashion; a powerful jet of almost boiling water washes out the caustic soda in turn. Then, mighty warm, they pass beneath a gentle, cooling shower.

Empties come in by lorry throughout the day. Take it from me, too, the degree of dirtiness varies no end. ("You're telling us?" someone sighed. "If only every housewife would just rinse her bottles!") I saw them, scores and scores, rattling on a conveyor towards the ever-hungry maw of that outsize washing-apparatus.

It is 45 minutes before they reappear, dry and bright as a new pin, under the gaze of a lynx-visioned fellow who infallibly picks out any the least bit faulty. Yes, lady, three-quarters-of-an-hour to clean a bottle. And within another 30 seconds it will be full of milk again!

This is the result of some more mechanical wizardry. But don't ask me precisely how, because the quickness of it all very greatly deceives the eye. I did register, though, a glimpse of bottles being fed into holders, lifted automatically, pressed against the valves of a reservoir-like affair above. Swoosh! down gushed the milk and next instant men were deftly whipping the completed article into wire crates. Nice work, to the tune of a hundred bottles filled, *and capped*, every minute by each machine.

"How many do we fill a day?" my guide repeated. "Something like half a million, I believe. That's this depot alone, of course. The whole concern deals with about four times as many. Actually, we're bottling for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four."

I learned as well about the elaborate scientific control which both safeguards the public health and sees that we get milk bang up to standard. It means the last word in painstaking research, at every stage, from the farm to your doorstep. In the country, where there is a chain of first-class laboratories; during the rail journey; immediately on arrival at the depot. More experts sample and test throughout the processing period and test yet again at retail distributing centres. In fact, very little time passes without observations of one kind or another.

Those quiet, white-coated scientists, busy always with test-tube and microscope, are the watch-dogs of the milk industry. Their job is so important, moreover, that several of the laboratories work right round the clock.

They took me across to the great main laboratory; nerve-centre of the whole far-reaching scientific organisation. Besides more investigations dealing purely with milk, all manner of related, general research goes on here. Highly qualified specialists of both sexes were probing the secrets of nutrition, physiology, biology and goodness' knows what else, even animal pathology. My condition rapidly became one of acute inferiority complex.

I was shown, incidentally, a balance so delicate you could weigh your signature on it!

Bottles, necessarily, are of enormous importance to the industry. That's why some of these nimble-brained folk spend their entire time, in a room packed with special apparatus, solving a thousand and one problems concerning them. How will this type stand up to hard knocks? Does that one resist extremes of temperature? Is the capacity of those others exact to specification? And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Precisely how many bottles there are in circulation nobody knows, but the estimated total is the staggering figure of 250 million. Yes, ***million***! Of these, no less than 15,000,000 are lost to their rightful owners every year. At 3½d or so a time that would mean a considerable sum in hard cash, were it not for a concern whose business is to salvage and return the forgotten, stolen and strayed.

This organisation operates from a vast central clearing-house in London which often handles upwards of 50,000 bottles in a day and has sub-branches all over the country. One might call it, indeed, the Milkman's Scotland Yard, complete with a private Flying Squad of extraordinarily astute inspectors.

How in the world, though, does that host of lost bottles happen? It's like this. Approximately half of them go astray accidentally, in the ordinary course of business. Others are stolen deliberately by pirates; unscrupulous small traders who cut overhead expenses by selling their milk in another firm's bottles—illegal in itself, anyway. Then about twenty-five per cent. of the loss, or more than 3 million bottles each year, is due to the malpractices of the public.

Maybe that sounds downright incredible. I thought so, too. But what about the bottles tucked away in the garden shed, full of nails and grass seed and paint-brushes? Do you, frankly, always bring back the empties from a picnic?

The fact is, milk bottles are remarkably suitable for any number of purposes. These sleuths have discovered them deputising for flower-vases, filled with jam or pickles and even used to edge the lawn.

Some people simply hoard bottles; goodness knows why. In a recent case, for instance, six hundred were found at one house—in the drawing-room, if you please! What's more, they told me, hauls of three or four hundred are commonplace. Well, it's a queer old world.

"On the whole, though, people are becoming more helpful," said the genial chief of this industrial C.I.D. "But you might just remind 'em they don't buy the bottle with the milk!"

Dietetic experts tell us that the food value of milk is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. It has everything, you know, in exactly balanced proportions; proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts. But we still average only one-third of a pint a day each, in spite of the phenomenal growth of the milk-bar habit. Pretty low, that figure, compared with a pint-and-a-half in America and the Scandinavian's daily quart.

Too low, the aforesaid experts declare.

Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW

"Let's go down and walk!"

"I'm afraid we'll have to get this horn changed, dear."

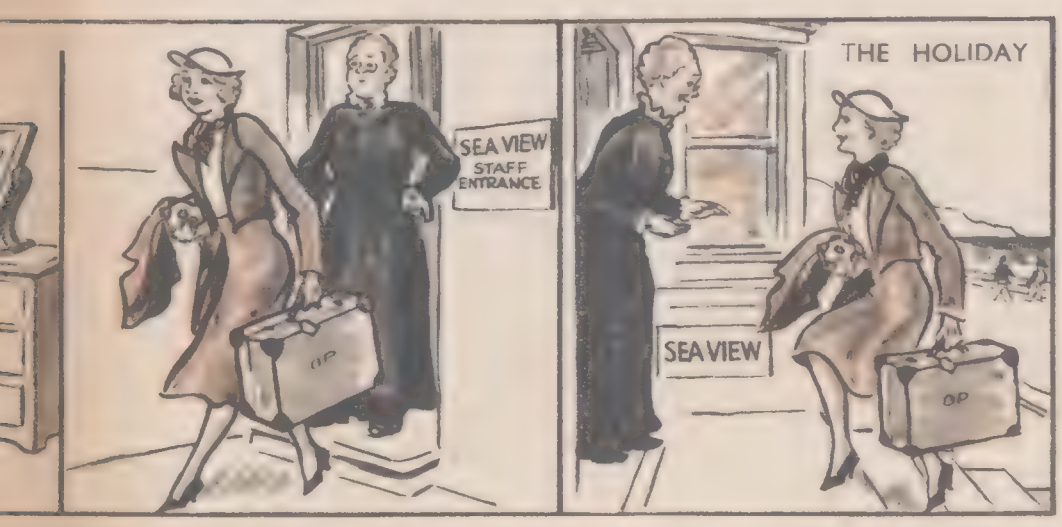
"Don't look now but I think we have a stowaway!"

"I hear shooting, Herschel—it must be September."

olkter
ow" Smile Section

"Well, my wife said take the baby for an airing and mow the lawn."

"That's my brother-in-law, my wife insisted I give him a job!"



"Sorry I've been such a long time changing that pound note, lady!"

"I expect the captain wants an overdraft!"

A MAN AND A TOUGH JOB

By A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"Do you think I want to come to get the money for this bill every day?"
"Would Friday suit you?"
"Yes."
"Then come every Friday."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

"You were absent from school yesterday and wrote this note of excuse yourself?"
"Yes, I am my father's secretary."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

RHYME—AND REASON

BY SHOWELL STYLES

FISHING FOR FISH

Preamble

SINCE Noah feasted in the Ark on every fish from Shrimp to Shark, no dinner has been deemed complete without a Fish before the meat. Alas! that these are often caught in caddish nets and not for Sport. This kind of Fishing isn't done; a Sahib catches Fish for fun.

As someone else has pointed out, if only Fish could scream or shout there would be few who had the heart to ply the so-called Gentle Art. However, since the beasts are dumb let us proceed to capture some.

Equipment (or Tackle)

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, a rug upon which to recline, a book of verse to pass the hours among the river-meadow flowers—these we shall take, if we are wise, in case the Fish refuse to rise. Mosquito lotion, too, will be a possible necessity, though all experienced Anglers say that smoking keeps the pests away. One million Anglers can't be wrong—so take your pipe and pouch along.

So much for elementary need. But if the Angler would succeed a Fishing-rod, we must admit, should be included in his kit. Better take two, one slim but stout for tempting up the timid trout; the other, made of heavy birch, a Rod or Pole for catching Perch.

In Passing

In summer time one often feels the need for longer, stronger Creels. The normal Creel, it would appear, will scarcely hold two pints of Beer.

Divers Fishes

To catch the Salmon, king of fish, is every ardent Angler's wish. The cost, on any decent lease, works out at twenty pounds apiece. Such costly fishing is a sin when you can buy it in a tin.

The humbler Trout, though rarely canned, abounds in streams throughout the land. He is extremely swift and shy, but may be lured with Worm or Fly. (With Worms the Trout's a perfect sucker; so Flies are thought to be more *pukka*.)

One may quite properly make slaughter among these gentry of the water; but always shun the common Roach—a subject scarcely fit to broach; and you must never, never dream of taking home a Chub or Bream or Tench, or any lesser breed, for they are Very Coarse Indeed.

On Companions

On any sort of Fishing trip avoid Female Companionship. A woman cannot understand the serious business in hand. Incapable of keeping still, she has a voice both loud and shrill.

The present writer has no doubt before the afternoon is out the foolish Angler will be wishing he had confined himself to Fishing.

Clothing

The ladies of the U.S.A. (there is some Fishing there, they say) appear, from photographs, to Fish in bathing-suits, both small and "swish." But though the scheme seems good to you, in England it would never do. The Angler over here must wear much hairy clothing everywhere; he sweats and swears beside the stream in an increasing cloud of steam. No Fisherman would be complete without great waders on his feet, enabling him to keep them cool by standing in some handy pool.

And, most important, you will need a curious hat composed of tweed. On this you stick your favourite Flies of every colour, shape and size.

Refuse, in no uncertain terms, to substitute your favourite Worms.

"On any sort of fishing trip, avoid female companionship."

Dropping a Line

Arrived beside the stream or pool, first place the Bottles somewhere cool. Impale a Worm upon the hook, light up a pipe, produce a book, allow the line to drift away, and thus prepare to spend the day.

The shining water, smooth and still; the ancient ivy-covered mill; the distant sweep of sunlit wold; the meadows bright with green and gold, in buttercups and daisies dressed—this, then, is Angling at its best.

Improbable as it might seem, a Bite *may* rouse you from your dream.

Bites and Striking

In theory, the Fish should bite; the Angler strikes, and hooks him tight. In practice, though the Bites are many, the Striker profits not a penny; the midges do the first, and scatter; the Angler, vainly, does the latter.

Final Hint

A small fishmonger's I have found where fresh-caught Trout, sold by the pound, and even Salmon, may be bought. Such useful spots are often sought, even by experts in the Art which I have struggled to impart.

Send a P.O.—or even less—and I will forward the address.

YOUR CAREER!

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To all those interested in Civil Service Entry or Promotion, the department of the Metropolitan College, St. Albans—specialising in Civil Service preparation—offers to-day a FREE copy of the College "Guide to the Civil Service."

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The Postal Courses of the College are backed by the wide resources and tutorial experience of the most successful Postal Training Institution in the British Empire.

The most effective, convenient and economical means of preparation for a Civil Service Examination is a RELIABLE Postal Course taken at home, at your own convenience, in leisure hours. The Metropolitan College SPECIALISES in, and is renowned for, the provision of RELIABLE POSTAL TRAINING at moderate fees.

FREE
CIVIL SERVICE
GUIDE

If you are interested in the Civil Service Examinations, send for this informative free 52 pp. "Civil Service Guide" TO-DAY.

TO-DAY, all with the ambition to succeed and the will and foresight to equip themselves for future advancement are offered by the Metropolitan College, St. Albans, a FREE copy of the valuable book—the College 132-page "Guide to Careers in Secretaryship, Accountancy, Law and Commerce."

Herein they will be able at a glance to visualise a future of splendid progress, and by its aid to decide upon that course to follow which shall lead on to a lifetime of success.

Page by page the "Guide to Careers" opens out a vision of attainable advancement in Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and other wide fields of opportunity in Business, Commercial and Professional life. Between its covers lie the lines of your future progress.

When you open the "Guide to Careers" you will be making for yourself the first opening in a future of fruitful endeavour, which alone will yield remunerative and steady self-advancement.

Determine that you will strike out into the tideway of progress, not drift into the backwaters of heart-breaking routine work and the wearisome round of the "weekly wage" earner.

Train for success! Position and prosperity are the promising prospects that present themselves to the proficient.

Efficiency stands head-and-shoulders above mediocrity! Fit yourself for the front rank of fortune.

Thousands of young business men are to-day firmly established in the receipt of big salaries as a direct result of the Postal Training they have received under the expert guidance of the Metropolitan College, St. Albans.

They first realised the urgent need for proficiency in their business or professional life, and then found in the Metropolitan College "Guide to Careers" the one way whereby it could be most easily and thoroughly acquired.

Let the Metropolitan College, through the medium of its carefully graded Specialised Postal Courses, help you so to enrich your mind and train your abilities that YOU will be that man marked out for speedy promotion.

A METROPOLITAN COLLEGE Postal Training is the best obtainable—it is the finest investment any young ambitious man can make for his future welfare and progress in business life.

You need a business or professional training but once in a lifetime. Be content only with the Best—that provided by the Metropolitan College, St. Albans, the College of Proved Success.

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Send to-day for a copy of the Book that will help you to decide your future. The turning point of your career may be in the attached Coupon. Fill in that Coupon and post it to-day to the College. So will you place your foot on the first rung of the ladder of leadership.

COUPON—*POST NOW*

To the Secretary,
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Please send me—without charge or obligation—the College

132-pp. GUIDE TO CAREERS } *Cross out Guide*
52-pp. CIVIL SERVICE GUIDE } *not required.*

NAME.....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS.....

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Exam. (if any) in which interested.....
(G7/S52), 3/9/38.

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(G7/S52), ST. ALBANS

GALLOWS FOR ONE

In the "good old days" many a lad's hanging made a Roman Holiday. But holidays are sometimes apt to be very disappointing—as this one was

BY MICHAEL KENT

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

THIS is what my great-uncle Chapman took me out to hear one brisk, bright morning of early April, more years ago than I care to remember.

He turned up at our house in Towngate in a high dog cart, with a smart, brown cob between the shafts. Blue rosettes were on the bridle and a blue bow on the whip. My uncle wore his grey hat cocked to one side, a violet in his buttonhole and a diamond horseshoe in his white stock tie. Every point about the trap and the little old man himself winked and twinkled.

School holidays were on and I had a whip-top in the courtyard, but I left that as soon as I heard him jingle down Ironbar Lane. Great-uncle Chapman could make new pennies, bright as gold, appear in empty air.

He stuck his whip into the socket and tilted his hat a little more at sight of me.

"Bless my soul," said he, "if it isn't young tuppenny. Care for a ride, bup?"

I haven't a doubt but that he came to find me and I didn't need asking twice.

"What'll your ma say?" he asked, as an afterthought, tucking the rug round my legs.

"She's making pudding-pies for Easter," I said. "She told me to go out and play."

There was always something of the rogue about my great-uncle. His conspiratorial air added a gusto to all we did together.

"Said that, did she, bup?" He rubbed his shaven chin. "Then there can't be much amiss in a jaunt with your old great-uncle."

"Not if I'm home before one," I said.

He clicked off the brake and the mare pricked up her ears.

He chirruped and she flew like a bird. I've never known a car to rouse the thrill of a ride behind a willing horse in a dogcart, the swaying start as if one left one's head behind, the whirl of wheels and the tap of the eager hooves.

We swayed through Broadport to the bends of the wide, white road; eased on the hill to step out at the top and cantered down the hollow lane to Wickey, with the great beech roots twining out of the bank like snakes half buried, writhing to be free.

"Sharp set, bup?" he inquired, with a grin.

"What's sharp set?" I asked.

"Got a twist, Mick? Ready for a bite?"

"I am," I said. "Thank you, uncle."

"Capital," he answered. "So is the mare, not to

In the deadly quiet that had fallen came a sound like a barking dog, "Way, way," so that folk stirred and the cry came clearer, "Way for the Queen's Messenger! Reprieve! Reprieve!"

speak of your poor old uncle. Here we are at the *Share and Coulter*."

A man had come to the door at the sound of our wheels.

"Morning, Fred," said my great-uncle. "How's the patriarch?"

"Blooming, sir, blooming," returned the man, patting the mare's brown neck. "He's looking to drink a glass of wine with you to-day."

"Not the first time, either," said my uncle, with a wink at me, as he looped the reins on the whip stock. "Walk her a bit, Fred, then she'll have her pint of beer." He turned to me.

"Come along, bup. We'll go and have a chat with the governor."

My great-uncle was held in no very high esteem at home, but I used to find wherever he went people glad to do his bidding.

We entered the private bar, where I had never been in my life before, and I set eyes for the first time on "the governor."

He was white-haired, ruddy-faced and bearded; a big, jovial hulk of a man in a red waistcoat with gilt buttons and a fawn-coloured gamekeeper's coat. He stood in front of the hearth with brass vases full of paper spills on either side of the mantel and a beady-eyed badger in a glass case behind him. His portrait hung over the case, painted when he was younger, but plainly his, even to me.

"Well, old stalwart," said my uncle, halting on the threshold. "Had a good breakfast and looking to a good dinner, this bright eleventh of April, eh?"

It was a strange manner of greeting, but neither seemed to think it so.

"Thanks under God to Samuel Chapman, Esquire," returned the old man, in a hearty, blustering voice, like wind in trees.

"Taken as read," cut in my little uncle. "Here, I've brought my young great-nephew to learn a bit of history. Shake hands with the governor, bup."

The big man bent, offering a large hand.

"Honoured," said he. "And what's o'clock by this young timepiece?"

"I'm half past nine," I said.

"A chip of the old block, I'll be bound," he returned.

"I'm going to be," said I.

"Couldn't do better." The governor nodded and rapped on the table with his brown oak crook. "A bottle of claret," he said to the maid who came to the door. "And what's for this young shaver, Mr. Sam? A drop of rum?"

My taste ran to something less potent, and there we were, the two old fellows with their wine, in their wooden, wheel-back chairs on either side of the hearth, and me munching a cake before the fire. There was a glint of pale sun on the oilcloth and a sleepy, beery smell in the air.

The old man filled my uncle's glass and raised his own.

"God save you, sir, with all my heart," said he.

"Thankee, thankee," said my uncle, quickly. Among common folk he always talked like them. "I hope He will, but I'm doubtful. It's a rare old tale. That's why I brought the boy. You'll maybe tell him as one who saw a great day in Canchester." He turned to me. "Hark to the governor, bup, a public execution."

My uncle loved old talk of ancient Canchester.

"Ooh!" I cried, "was it beheading?"

"Bless your heart, no." The old man laughed. "Just as well not. That's sooner over. Hanging, young sir. Maybe you'll know Beeching Woods."

"Up Gartham way," I said, "where we get bluebells?"

"Then you'll call to mind a house on top of the hill?"

"I know," I said. "There's a sycamore in front with a jagged branch."

"The gallows stood right opposite," he went on. "The slope of the meadow was grand for a view."

"Why?" I asked, surprised. "Did people go to see it?"

"I believe you, my boy," said my great-uncle, with a wink.

It was his old-fashioned way of saying, "Certainly."

"Go to see it, bless your little soul!" laughed the governor. "Coaches and phaetons and curricles and farm wagons and people a-foot, it was as gay as Canchester fair; lollipops and ginger bread with the picture of a gallows on them all in gilt, and a man who put his feet behind his ears and walked about on his hands, with his hat in his mouth for pennies, not to speak of hawkers crying their croaks."

"What were croaks?" I asked, with my mouth full of cake.

"Poetry," he said and began to chant in a dismal whine: "'The doleful tale of Richard Barnabas, foully done to death at Canchester election, one penny the sheet, sirs,

'He smit him full upon the crown,
Out gushed the blood so red
His head was split, his brains ran down
And so he fell down dead.'"

"They don't make poetry like that nowadays," chuckled my uncle, "Too genteel."

"Was he very wicked?" I asked.

"I'd hardly say that, young sir," returned the governor, scratching his white beard. "What would you say, Mr. Samuel, sir."

"Accident," snapped my uncle. "Not murder at all. You can lay to that."

"Then why did they hang him?" I asked.

"A plant," said my uncle. "A job. There was an election, ye see, bup, free beer, free fights, wigs on the green. This Barnabas was a mettlesome young jackanapes, full of eau-de-vie, who had been pulling favours off women and old gentlemen whose colours weren't to his liking. All young Jake Scithers wanted was to see fair play. He was ever one for that, fair play and a warm heart for the underdog, all his life. Bar that Dick Barnabas hit his head against a wheel stanchion when he dropped, which no man could foresee, the fight was fair."

"Nary a doubt of it," agreed the governor, twisting a button of his waistcoat. "I've always said so and I always will."

"Trouble was," said my uncle, "the wrong side won the election. They meant to have revenge. Bench and bar, right to Westminster itself, were all against him. Jake didn't stand a chance. His friends moved heaven and earth. Lord Praye, they said, would speak to the young queen, but the other side was in. They lost no time and took no chances."

"So there was Jake," the governor went on, "this bright, April morning in a tannery cart with iron at his hands and feet and Parson Rogers beside him, taking his last ride with the beadle and his men in front, sheriff and councillors in coaches behind, and the watch on either hand to see there was no rescue."

He filled up my uncle's glass, and continued: "He'd had his breakfast and wouldn't have no dinner but there was a mug of wine at the *Fountain Inn* to warm him on his way."

"Why," I asked, "if they made out he was such a bad . . ."

"Always did it," interrupted my uncle, "Regular thing for ages and ages. Christian charity. Gives a fellow heart." He turned his sharp little eyes on the governor. "Plenty of folk to cry shame on his judges all along the way, weren't there?"

"Like election come again," said the governor. "Some called 'Let the rascal hang,' and others 'Keep your heart up, Jake.' A dozen times the watch had to clear the road. Two hours they took to get to Beeching Wood."

"His friends," explained my uncle; "they were hoping every minute for a Queen's Messenger. Everything they could think of to put a spoke in the wheel they did."

The old governor's eyes made a slow survey of the walls, Sayers facing Heenan on a Surrey down, a cockpit and a rat-pit and the red geraniums on the window lit by a slant of sun.

"You've never in all your born days heard such a hullaballoo, young sir, as when they reached the gallows. 'There he is, the murdering villain,' 'Legal murder, legal murder,' and 'String him up sharp,' they shouted one against the other, while the beadle and the cryer in gold and plush and the watchmen with their staves shoved at the shouting multitude with 'Way, sirs, way. Way for the sheriff' till the cart pulled up beside the gallows tree with the noosed rope hanging from the cross bar and old George Biddenden on the platform trying the trap to see that it swung sweetly as if he hadn't any other care in life.

"The beadles called the croakers quiet for the sheriff to read his rigmarole, while poor Jake sat on the edge of the cart keeping his eyes away from the rope, reading the notice on Farmer Whiting's grand stand over and over, 'For all the nobility and gentry as desire to enjoy a good view, one shilling the top row, sixpence down below and children may stand in front for a groat.'"

He refilled the glasses.

"Some Methodys in the cottage garden sang a hymn, softly. Very sweet it was, 'Everlasting torment waits the sinful soul,' it began."

"You do remember well," said I.

"Do I, young sir?" he answered, his moustaches curling into a gnarl that made him look very merry. "Perhaps I do. I'd never seen such sights before. But slow as it seemed, time jogged too sharp for Jake. The sheriff finished and turned to George. 'Take custody of the prisoner and execute the sentence of the court,' he said.

"'Off with those irons,' said George, but before poor Jake had time to rub his wrists he was up on the platform and trussed like a fowl with George and his men and Parson Rogers.

"'Scithers,' said the parson, 'in a few short moments you will face your Maker, Who is merciful to forgive. Have you nothing to say?'

(*please turn to page* **33**)

The "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know the man with a "Grasshopper Mind" as well as you know yourself. His mind nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

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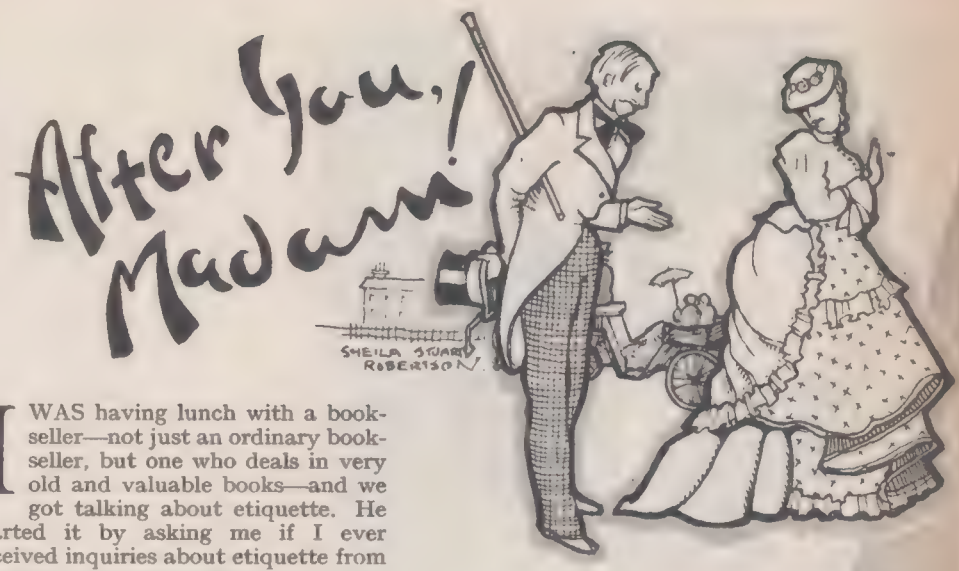

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

I WAS having lunch with a bookseller—not just an ordinary bookseller, but one who deals in very old and valuable books—and we got talking about etiquette. He started it by asking me if I ever received inquiries about etiquette from readers. I do, quite often.

I have been asked if the man or girl should lead the way to their table at a restaurant, or get out of a taxi first; and a favourite question is: "On which arm should the bridegroom lead his bride from the church?"

I learned from my friend that there were books on etiquette centuries ago; then they were called courtesy books. They began to flourish in England about the XIVth century and were really a series of rules on how to behave, addressed to children and young people.

Such advice as "Scratch not thy head or rub the dampness from thy nose at meals" is no longer necessary, but there were others concerning health and cleanliness as necessary to keep in mind to-day as in those times.

For example, in one old book was a rule insisting that "So long as thou eatest at table stroke neither cat nor dog with the hand; it is not allowed unto the courteous to stroke animals with the hands with which he touches dishes."

In the household books of Princess Cecille, Edward IV's mother, very strict injunctions are given to the gentlemen of the bed-chamber regarding animals and His Majesty's bed. On no account were any to be allowed near his person without being most carefully cleansed. The advice is almost as particular as that laid down for the preparations of His Majesty's bath. His head, body and feet should be washed, with His Majesty's consent, three times "of the week" in warm water and with soap of which a stack, both of white and black, was kept in the "lavendrey."

It must have been a chilly business being washed in bits and pieces, and one hopes His Majesty consented willingly, certainly not less than three times in the week, remembering the amount of hunting and sport which generally took place!

Gradually one sees in the household books and accounts of royalties and those in high positions, that greater care was ordered in regard to cleanliness. Henry VIII insisted there should be many scullions to clean the kitchens and that they should not go about in nakedness but be decently clothed, and sleep away from where the food was prepared; highly necessary when one reads on "that no longer must they smell unpleasant as they pass us by, they must be clean and ready to learn from the cooks how to do roastes, etc."

All of which I learned at lunchtime—perhaps not the most suitable of topics!

★ Really it's incredible what you can buy in the clothes line for a guinea, these days. I could hardly believe my eyes, the other day, when I was told by a girl-friend of mine that the three-piece suit she was wearing cost just that. It had a really smart line and cut, it was made of good material in a good colour—in fact, it was one of the best bargains I've seen for a very long time.

No longer can one bracket the words "cheap" and "nasty" together; nor is there any need for our country cousins to be a day behind us in fashion. I'll tell you why.

You can get these guinea gowns by post. You are not buying a pig in a poke, for the makers guarantee that if you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full, provided the garments are returned, unsoiled, to them within 48 hours. But you are saving money; for buying direct from the makers there is no "middleman's" profit to pay.

There is a catalogue of fashions which you can have for the asking. It contains illustrations of dresses and suits designed on the continent and in America and not one of them is priced at more than a guinea. You may be saying to yourselves: "But I bet they're all small sizes." Well, you're wrong! They are in all sizes from 32 to 42 bust measurements and hips from 35 to 46. This catalogue is well worth having. Write to me, marking your envelope "Fashion Catalogue" and I will have one sent along to you.

★ Don't you find that when you have a box of mixed sweets, it is always the fudge which goes first? I've been given a fine recipe for fudge. I've tried it and found it both simple and successful.

You need 3 lbs. sugar, ¼ lb. butter and a tin of Swiss milk.

Put the sugar, milk and butter into a pan with a cupful of hot water. Heat and keep stirring until it gets thick. That's all, but you must stir it all the time and watch it so that you can take it away from the heat before it gets granulated. It

wants to be smooth, so you can keep on tasting it, if you like!

Pour it into flat tins and mark into squares before it is quite cold.

★ Heard rather an interesting bit of gossip about Franchot Tone, the other evening. Evidently he's a true humanitarian, for, although he owns no dogs, he has a dog-house, and when I say a dog-house I don't mean just one paltry kennel.

Tone's dog-house is built on a corner of the back of his grounds with no entrance into the estate, but one on a side-street open to all homeless dogs, who can come in and take shelter and eat the fresh food and water which is kept there, by an attendant whose job it also is to keep the place clean. As many as six to ten dogs spend the night in Tone's dog-house.

★ A firm who for years has made well-known beauty preparations, has been very busy lately. It has produced an entirely new range of lipsticks and rouges, in 6d. sizes, and two new powder shades.

The lipsticks are very good value and the salve has an ideal texture as well as being attractive in colouring. Hollywood, which is the name of the most vivid shade, is particularly suitable for evening wear, while Blondette (light), Geranium (medium) and Brunetta (dark) are specially made to suit all tones of complexion. The rouge is made in vivid, light and medium shades so that when used with its complementary lipstick perfect harmony make-up is assured.

The new shades of powder are Blonde Beauty, ideal for all types of blondes, and Honey Rose which is slightly darker. All these powders are absolutely pure and very fine.

You can try these two new shades of powder as well as the ordinary range which is Rachel, Naturelle and Sun Tan, quite free. Send me a postcard with your name and address, marking it "New Shades" and I will have samples sent to you.

★ The first thing I noticed at a recent dress show was the attractive room in which it was held. The ceiling, walls and curtains were a deep parchment colour and the carpet was very dark brown. The upholstery of some of the chairs matched the curtains, but the most charming splash of colour was introduced by the coverings of two or three divans which were of satin in the rich, clear colour of pomegranates. This touch of vivid flame colour was lovely and I thought how well these colourings could be copied in a lounge or even a bed-sitting-room.

But to get down to business. . . .

The clothes I saw in this room were lovely, too. Often there were three-colour combinations such as mauve and green pleated insets mitred into a black dress, or mahogany and green with brown. Many of the skirts had a swing to them and nearly all the full-length coats hung loosely from the shoulders which were a lot wider and squarer than nature ever made them.

They showed us an evening dress made from a new material; wool and silk knitted together in blue and black, producing a shot appearance. Attractive this, but not, I fear, for the home-knitter!

One evening gown was of pearl grey taffeta over which the finest Chantilly lace had been sewn flat; and over all was a mist of grey tulle. Another was black with shining, silver stars on the bodice. This had a tailored, black jacket with corresponding stars embroidered on the lining, which I thought rather intriguing. Then there was a very plain, straight, black dress ornamented only by a long and very sinuous, gold sequin snake curled all over it.

I came to the conclusion that black will never be ousted from its place as first favourite for evening dress. Many of the smartest models were in black. I think they always will be.

★ When they started to plan the Woman's Fair and Exhibition, which is opening at Olympia in November, they set out to find what interested women most. Was it careers? It was not!

Food is the main interest of woman. Evidently she still believes in the old adage, "Feed the Brute" and only when that is done does she turn her attention to other things.

Fashion only came in fourth, giving way to home and children, second and third, respectively.

Beauty was fifth, leisure sixth and a very bad seventh, careers.

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help

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Fair . . . . . ☐	Grey . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
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Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Freckled . . . . . ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
SKIN	Dark . . . . . ☐	If hair is Grey, check type
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P.H.21

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AS the moments passed, while sounds of racing feet died away into the shadows at the other end of the temple, I stood too shocked to take immediate action—stunned by Thormanson's deliberate attempt to kill Jimmy Wenderby. The latter lay where he had fallen, still grasping a rifle by the barrel, just outside the entrance to the passage behind the great diamond cross. Only Tiny Milton and I were left there—left with two dead men, and a third who might be . . .

"Take a look at Jimmy, for heaven's sake !" Tiny Milton faltered in low tones "I dare not. . . ."

I knelt down beside Wenderby, and my relief at finding him still alive was too deep for speech. Jimmy was bleeding freely from a wound in the fleshy part of the shoulder. I saw the hole where the bullet had entered and, as I lifted him, the torn fabric behind the shoulder of his jacket where it had gone clean through. The bone seemed to be firm enough as I pressed it gently.

"Is he—is he alive, Sam?"

"Sure," I comforted. "We're entitled to some of the luck that's going on here. But it's a miracle, Tiny ! There's a hole clean through his shoulder and I hope it's missed the bone."

"You're right !" he muttered fervently. "Here comes someone to help us."

When I looked up the tall figure of Aaneen was in the act of bending over Jimmy Wenderby, and I stood aside while she lifted him in her arms as a mother gathers up a babe. A glance down the passage showed that the Ooloomians were slowly lifting the giant body of their dead comrade. Their faces were calm, impassive, and only in their eyes could sorrow be detected.

The man I had kicked in the waistcoat was recovering now, beginning to squirm about spasmodically on the floor, and beside the diamond cross sprawled a dead man. It wasn't a situation we cared to think about too long, and I felt that if something were not done quickly to clear it away I couldn't bring myself to do it at all. We used the hide rope which had supported the diamond cross to secure the wounded one, and when he was bound we handed him over to Eenoon for attention. The man's arm was broken.

"What happens next?" I said softly. "I can't stand much more of this."

"Thormanson !" Tiny's voice sounded very grim as he mentioned that name. "While Thormanson lives our lives are not worth a packet of pea-nuts, Sam. You saw what the swine did to his own cousin. We have to get him—or he gets us ! How do you feel about it?"

I answered with a mental picture of that awful expression on Thormanson's face as he had appeared to us from behind the faceless statue in the temple. The man was possessed—a killer !

"We must get him," I said determinedly, "before he does further damage."

"Pity you didn't think that way a few minutes ago," Tiny answered, regretfully. "You saved his rotten life when you pushed at my rifle, Sam."

We were looking down the length of the temple now, listening for the slightest sound which might indicate the presence of Thormanson or his friends. If we stepped out of the shadows we would present a fair mark for the riflemen while they remained invisible. It was a risk we had to take. While I hesitated Tiny Milton began by creeping away close to the wall, and seeing this was the safest method of attack I followed him. Where the shadows ended Tiny halted, and again we looked and listened for the enemy. Not a sound broke the silence of the temple. The place looked weird and disturbing now, in the red glow from the roof, with the dead man sprawled in a grotesque attitude on the floor beside the diamond cross.

"Now !" Tiny said, suddenly, and raced away beside the wall for the further end of the temple.

We ran on for the full length of that vast place without hearing a challenge, arrived there to find that Thormanson and his two companions had vanished completely—and stood still to look at each other in dismay.

"I guessed it !" Tiny said bitterly. "They'll want finding now among all the holes and corners in this place."

"We must find them !" I muttered. "They can lay in wait for us in any passage, and shoot us down. I believe they're all raving mad, Tiny !"

"I'll get him !" There was a suggestion of finality in Tiny Milton's simple statement which made me shiver. He did not include the others. George Thormanson was all he wanted.

"We can't both go off and leave Jimmy," he went on. "Go back to him, Sam, and leave me to find Thormanson."

Before I could make my decision Tiny had moved off toward the main entrance of the temple. I watched him until he disappeared from view, and, filled with foreboding, ran back to the other end of that silent place. As I reached the passage the giant figure of Eenoon barred the way. He smiled at me reassuringly, patted my head gently as a parent might encourage a child, and passed on his slow stately way into the temple. Where the passage widened out into a cave I found Aaneen and three other Ooloomian women binding Jimmy's shoulder with leaf-bandages. He was conscious now, lying comfortably on a pile of fur rugs, his face drawn and distorted by the pain of his wound. Jimmy brightened considerably on seeing me, however, and was anxious to learn what had happened after his part in the fight ceased. When I mentioned Tiny Milton's mission he looked grave.

"Something terrible must have happened to George in that cave below the glacier," he said, "in the same way it happened to you. George must be mad, and I hope Tiny doesn't meet him."

"And I hope he doesn't find Tiny unprepared," I added grimly. "But there's nothing to be gained in anticipating disaster, Jimmy. You must sleep and give yourself a chance to recover."

While I was giving this well-worn advice Aaneen had turned her handsome head to look at me reproachfully. Her eyes told me plainly that I was in the way and disturbing her patient. As I stood aside her hand went out slowly toward Jimmy Wenderby, and when it reached him she bent low over the pile of rugs to stare into his pain-racked eyes. I saw him stare back at her, saw the lines of suffering

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SAM KILLICK, a journalist, is describing what happened while he was a member of a cruising party sailing in the southern seas in the yacht *Solar Star*, which was in the charge of

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLEY, when all laws of navigation were upset by a storm that wrecked the yacht's radio and disabled her engines. Meanwhile,

JAMES HENRY WENDERBY, owner of the *Solar Star* and his friend

"TINY" MILTON and Wenderby's cousin,

GEORGE THORMANSON, are surprised when a 'plane lands to leeward of the yacht, revealing lovely

SALLY ALTON, noted girl flier and her secretary,

NINA LENNOX. Eventually the *Solar Star* drifts to the Antarctic continent where they find themselves in Ooloom, a lost country rich in diamonds and inhabited by giants who communicate to each other by telepathy. Thormanson is trying to steal some of the diamonds and with a party of men he has wirelessed to come, they proceed to the cave of diamonds, which is guarded by an evil spirit. Milton and his party follow them and a fight ensues which results in a temporary victory for Thormanson's gang.

WORLD WITHOUT TIME

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

All the breath was knocked out of my body in the fall, and I was "out to the world" when Reiner stood up—raised his rifle . . . A red mist obscured my vision in those awful moments but I could dimly see two figures rising out of nowhere behind Reiner as he towered above me

disappear as though smoothed out of existence by a magic hand. A few moments later Jimmy was sound asleep.

I walked on into the next apartment to witness a strange scene. Six of the seven priests of Ooloom were there, and they were arranging themselves very gradually into double file to form a procession. At any other time this would have been an amusing sight for me. Throughout my stay in Ooloom the extraordinary slowness of these giants was a source of interest. Every movement was so slow and so deliberate, and yet it was accompanied by perfect timing and balance which made all the big people graceful. They reminded me of "slow-motion" ballet dancers—especially when they were in a hurry!

When I entered the further cave where the "Mouth of Ooloom" was wont to sit in meditation on his wooden platform, the scene there was so startling and strange that I halted in amazement on the threshold. On a narrow wooden plank was the body of the giant killed during the fight in the temple, and kneeling beside him with hands poised above the dead face was the "Mouth of Ooloom."

The aged priest was gazing steadily into the dead man's half-opened eyes, and making slow gestures which to me were quite meaningless. From inquiries I made afterwards I learned that sudden and unexpected death was something unique among the Ooloomians—a very rare occurrence which called for a special ceremony. The shock of such a death made the process of disintegration between body and soul a very slow one, and the departing spirit needed assistance. Thus the soul of the dead man was urged and assisted to release itself from the body and depart to its appointed place before the ceremony of cremation.

These queer rites ended at last, and the priest appeared to be satisfied. As the "Mouth of Ooloom" rose by degrees to his full height I heard the shuffling feet of the six priests behind me, and stood aside to watch the proceedings. I saw the dead giant lifted high on the narrow plank and borne out of the cave by the six priests, with the "Mouth of Ooloom" leading the way. There was nothing else for me to do at the moment, with Jimmy safe in the hands of Aaneen and her women and Tiny Milton gone on the track of Thormanson, so I followed this Ooloomian funeral procession with close attention.

In due course we arrived at the mouth of that steep shaft down which the dead made their last journey into the heart of volcanic fires far below the level of the lowest caves. To my surprise, the body of the man whom Tiny had shot in the struggle for the diamond cross, was already there—lying uncovered upon a plank much too long for its purpose. Slowly these two planks were lifted into position at the top of the shaft and sent swiftly on their way while the Ooloomians began to chant a solemn version of the "O-o-o-o-o-o . . ." chorus which, I suppose, was their idea of a requiem.

Thoughts of the diamond cross were in my mind now as I walked away from this depressing scene. I remembered that I had last seen this priceless object lying unguarded on the floor of the temple. If Thormanson had foreseen. . . .? I ran all the way through the passages leading to the temple, and when I arrived there was nothing to be seen on the spot where the diamond symbol had lain throughout the last stages of our struggle for its possession!

Filled with dismay and cursing my own stupidity, I went back to find the "Mouth of Ooloom" and report our loss. It was on my way to meet the returning funeral procession that I encountered a scene which stirred me profoundly with its significance. In one of the lower passages a huge bowed figure stepped slowly out in front of me—the figure of Eenoon, carrying to safety, across his great shoulders, the massive diamond cross!

With feelings akin to awe I stood there, watching Eenoon's slow progress down the passage. I was reminded of many things almost forgotten, things I was taught as a child, while the big fellow remained in sight. Then, satisfied that Ooloom's most treasured possession was out of danger, I returned to the cave where Jimmy Wenderby was receiving attention. Aaneen and her women were still grouped about him, and I noticed one in the act of rising with a wooden bottle in her hand. When I looked down at him Jimmy was very pale and wan but sound asleep, and Aaneen's big hand fastened on my collar to draw me gently but firmly away from her patient. The sight of Jimmy asleep there reminded me that I too was very tired, and I think she realised it even before I was aware of the fact. Another pile of rugs were spread out on a ledge close at hand. I don't remember laying my head down upon them before losing consciousness.

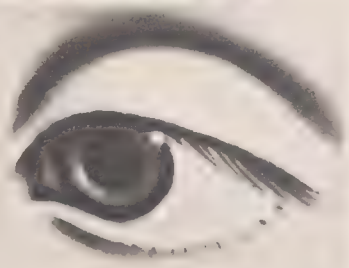
There was a queer feeling of unreality when I opened my eyes—as though my mind were still clogged with the effects of a vivid dream which persisted to the point of waking. I could hear voices not far away, voices speaking softly after the manner of my own people. When assurance came on this point I shifted my position among the rugs very carefully, stared round until I was facing the spot where Jimmy Wenderby lay sleeping. There I saw a tumbled mass of dark hair bent low over him—heard a woman's voice say, very softly:

"Of course I love you, Jimmy."

The muttering went on and on, and I had to lie there and pretend to be asleep. Then her head sank lower, and there followed unmistakable sounds which a third party has no right to overhear. So I rustled about a bit among the rugs, and, having performed the "sleeper awakes" act to the best of my ability, I opened my my eyes to see Sally Alton staring intently in my direction.

(*please turn over*)

SUN-GLARE



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BOURNEMOUTH

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"Hullo!" I said, carelessly. "How did you get here?"

"What made you think I'd stay away?" Sally asked. pointedly. "You've made an unholy mess of things, Sam Killick!"

"It wasn't exactly his fault," said Jimmy, weakly.

"Keep quiet!" she admonished, and beckoned me furtively.

I rose and followed her down the passage leading into the temple. "You're not hurt, Sam? Good! Now how do we get him back to the ship?" she whispered anxiously. "This fighting all over the place can't go on without some of you being rubbed clean out. Where's Tiny Milton?"

I told her, and then she turned her head and called: "Nina! Here's another one still alive."

From somewhere down the passage Nina appeared, and Sally melted away in the darkness. When we met I saw that Nina had been crying.

"You look frightfully pale and tired, Sam," she greeted.

My arms seemed to meet about her shoulders without any effort on my part. I kissed her there in the shadows of the temple time and again, and, breathless, she kissed me!

"Nina!" I muttered. "Nina—I love you!"

"Don't I know it?" she said softly. "You ought to be in pictures with that technique, Sam. But what happens next? Let's get out of here, and—and. . . . Well, what about it, anyway?"

"We can't go until we take that confounded Thormanson with us," I said helplessly. "Damn him! We brought him here, and. . . ."

"I've heard all that before," she said, impatiently. "Now listen to me! I've had one of those heart to heart talks you get in this place by staring at each other, and Aaneen says that her people are ready to help you locate that lunatic Thormanson. She says that Mr. Milton has failed to find him, and is on his way back here. There must be an end to this shooting business, Sam, and I don't mean 'sometime' or 'perhaps.' Do you realise that the *Solar Star* is all ready to start for home? I—we want to go home now, don't we? Or are you content to run about here bumping people off?"

"I don't want to bump, or be bumped off by anybody!" I said earnestly. "And do I want to go home? Fancy asking a question like that after. . . ."

"It's not fancy," she reminded, "but stern reality between you and me from now on, Sam."

"Sure," I agreed. "But how did you and Sally get here? Surely John Barley didn't stand for. . . .?"

"He didn't know anything about it," she explained. "We slipped away very quietly. But as soon as he finds we're missing he'll start something."

"Will you and Sally promise to stay here with Aaneen and Jimmy until we've collected Thormanson?"

"Just so long as we think you're not lying down on the job," she agreed reluctantly. "But I don't want to drag Sally away from Jimmy now. They're going to be married as soon as we get back to New York, Sam, and perhaps it could be arranged for us to—to. . . ."

"A double event, eh!" I must have looked dubious then. Jimmy Wenderby was a millionaire, and such people are charged a lot more money than is necessary for very simple things. Then I saw the expression on Nina's face, and said quickly: "But it's a grand idea."

"Grand!" drawled a lazy voice from out the shadows.

"Tiny!" I exclaimed. "Why, you're just in time to congratulate us. We're going to be married."

"Yes, I realised that some time ago," he said huskily, and kept to the shadows. "Good luck to you both, and. . . ."

Tiny Milton's voice was thick with emotion, and as he ceased speaking I stepped closer to him.

"What's wrong, Tiny?"

"I'll tell you later, Sam," he answered in a clearer voice. Tiny was making a great effort at composure and succeeded so well that his inquiries after Jimmy Wenderby's welfare were made in quite natural tones. "Thormanson will have to be my job now," he went on. "Nobody's life will be safe here until he has been run out of the country. He'll soon be in difficulties, too, because the Ooloomians have taken all the food to the lower caves. If he's still after that diamond cross he won't delay his attack. It seems to me, Sam, that none of you realise just how desperate he is. George Thormanson is mad—and madmen are something more than cunning. We'll have to keep our eyes open for the next move."

"But the diamond cross is hidden away out of his reach now, Tiny," I said. "There's nothing to keep him in Ooloom."

"Didn't I tell you he's mad?" Tiny demanded, impatiently. "You saw his face when he peeped round that statue at us. He'll never believe that the diamond cross is out of his reach. The table-diamond in the centre is unique, Sam, and Reiner's professional instincts will make him go for it again. I'm sure I'm right! If we leave these people free here they will shoot their way through to that big diamond centre-piece, and the Ooloomians can't stop them without setting drastic forces to work which may injure themselves as well as the enemy. The job of clearing Thormanson out of Ooloom is ours—and ours alone."

"Then we'd better put the whole case before the 'Mouth of Ooloom' before we start on the job," I decided, and Tiny agreed.

We found the aged patriarch in his own apartment, and his smile of welcome set us both at ease immediately. Such compassion and wisdom were depicted on the face of this grand old man that I could always get past his great dignity and approach him with the trust and confidence of a child. Seated on the ground before him, I stared into the big, grey, kindly eyes, and sought his advice. When my case was set out mentally, in its proper sequence, I waited for what he would convey to me with some anxiety. But it was destined that I should never receive this old man's counsel.

Instead, I felt a sudden communication of alarm, became dimly aware of a disturbance close at hand which increased until the last invisible bonds between us were broken and I was able to free my mind and spring to my feet—to grasp the significance of the noises. Outside I could hear a loud crooning of vowel-sounds. Communication by means of speech was so rare among the Ooloomians that immediately I knew something extraordinary must have happened. The danger was upon us!

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o. . . ."

Tiny Milton was gone when I had gathered my wits sufficiently to understand the situation. I ran from the presence of the aged priest to find, at some distance down the passage outside, the huge figure of Eenoon pointing helplessly down the slope where I had last seen him with the diamond cross over his shoulders. His big head thrown back, his lips pursed in crying out a ceaseless note of warning. To a stranger among the giants his attitude must have been comical, but my knowledge of these people indicated that serious trouble was at hand. I raced on past Eenoon in the direction he pointed, bore round a long bend in the passage and caught up with Tiny just before we both reached the entrance to a lower cave I had not seen before.

It was a long, narrow apartment, a mere bulge in the continuation of the passage. But light streamed downward from high up in the walls—streamed downward to strike the big diamond cross in a blaze of blue fire. Beside this wonderful symbol knelt the burly figure of Reiner, with a rifle held ready in the crook of his arm. Both Tiny and I were staggered to find him thus—amazed that he had dared to penetrate into our very stronghold alone. Despite the alarm still sounding outside, the noise of our rapid approach, Reiner remained engrossed in his examination of the table-diamond until our actual entry upon the scene.

"It's real!" he was muttering incredulously. "Flawless! Magnificent!" And while he was speaking Reiner extracted a small, bright steel instrument from his jacket pocket.

"Drop that!" roared Tiny Milton, and jumped for his man as Reiner turned his head.

Tiny never reached his objective, however, for Reiner stepped backward coolly and had his rifle levelled while his enemy was several feet away. At the same time something sharp and hard prodded me in the back.

"Don't move," a quiet voice ordered, "or I'll blow the guts clean out of you!"

While I stood with arms raised, frozen to the ground, I saw Tiny reduced to the same state of helplessness. Reiner laughed derisively at his easy capture. We were ordered to turn about and walk before the two gunmen out of the cave, and were in the passage when we met Eenoon—still crooning away and standing in exactly the same position. He had no time even to turn his head before we had all walked past him and there followed the most cold-blooded and wicked crime I have ever known. We were walking on ahead when the loud report of a rifle crashed out behind us, and with one accord Tiny and I swung round to see our old friend Eenoon totter for a few slow steps and sink to the ground.

A strangled cry, almost a scream in its intensity, broke from Tiny Milton. Heedless of two levelled rifles he rushed headlong at the nearest man, swerving and bobbing like an acrobat, and brought him to the ground in one swift tackle. Reiner, the man who had shot poor Eenoon, could not interfere, for the two men at his feet were locked together in a writhing heap. As I started forward, however, his rifle went up in a moment to cover me.

"Keep back!" he warned above the uproar, and remained holding his rifle steady in my direction.

Tiny Milton was fighting as though bereft of his senses, but against a man much stronger than himself. Reiner's companion smashed both fists into Tiny's face with disastrous results—tore himself clear and stood upright.

"Drop your gun and fight like a man!" Tiny roared.

At that moment Reiner fired his rifle—I think as a special warning for Tiny. Before the latter could commit an act of sheer suicide, I caught Tiny by the arm and dragged him further down the passage.

Jimmy Wenderby was lying awake but helpless on his pile of rugs as we continued on our way into the temple. Aaneen was there, too, her giant figure covering the patient, but when she saw Tiny's battered face her expression began to change. We were gone before she had time to raise a hand, and just inside the temple George Thormanson awaited us!

The sight of Tiny Milton, his face bruised and bloody, seemed to delight Thormanson.

"Not so good this time, eh?" George grinned. "Glad to see you've met your match, Milton." He turned swiftly to question Reiner.

"Have you seen it? Is it the goods?"

"It's the biggest, the finest diamond in this world!" Reiner told him enthusiastically. "Keep these two fools covered while I go back and take the pick of the stones set in that cross. What a lucky chance I happened to be following that big fellow when he hid the thing. He won't hide anything else. I gave him the works as we passed him in the passage."

"You did!" Thormanson grinned. "Teach these people here a lesson. Perhaps they'll let us take what we want, and keep out of the way in future. Remember to bring back some grub, Reiner. Shoot a few more of the swine if they refuse you!"

While Thormanson spoke I saw Tiny Milton's face set hard as granite, his blue eyes dilate and blaze at the man he so hated. Yet, I think Thormanson talked that way to get back at Milton. But I was now in a mood for anything, and had already made up my mind that I would wipe out the menace that was George Thormanson if the slightest chance came my way.

And, when my opportunity presented itself I was all unprepared for the rapid run of events. . . .

Hardly had Reiner and his companion started down the passage to secure the coveted table-diamond than there came a dramatic change in the situation—an interruption so utterly unexpected that everyone was taken by surprise. The staccato explosion of a revolver, a scream of pain from the man ahead of Reiner in the passage, and the clatter of a rifle dropped from nerveless fingers! Again our unseen ally fired a gun, and Reiner came running back toward us for cover. It was my great chance to avenge poor Eenoon, and, unarmed, I took it on the run. As Reiner drew level with me I reached out and pulled him between Thormanson and myself. With the other hand I drove home an upper-cut to his jaw that knocked him clean off his feet.

I went into that fight with everything I had, with the firm intention of killing this cold-blooded diamond thief if I could manage it. Reiner was a powerful man, but I had an outrageous crime to account for, in the murder of a helpless man and smashed home blow after blow before my opponent was set to take it. He reeled about like a drunken man under punishment—bumped into George Thormanson and set Tiny going like a lunatic. George was bawling at the top of his voice a moment later, and I knew then that Tiny was fighting on level terms at last. The knowledge gave added strength to my efforts. Never had I been so cool, so watchful and so deadly with my punches. But oh!—he could take it.

This Reiner had a rough-house method that wanted a deal of holding. A thumb gouged my eye, and I promptly butted him with a force that must have broken his nose. Rough house, eh! My knee came up and rammed him hard in the stomach, I punched with fine judgment to tear his ear from his head—and, by the feel of things I nearly succeeded. He retaliated with a swinging punch to my body which had me gasping and fighting for time.

That gun barked again, viciously, and a bullet whined and smacked against the wall. Thormanson was racing down the temple now with Tiny Milton in pursuit, shouting to Reiner as he fled. One last terrific upper-cut swept over my lowered head, and Reiner turned to run across the temple for cover. Reeling, gasping painfully for breath, I heard the clear voice of Sally Alton ring out like a clarion call.

"There's a rifle on the floor, Sam. Take it away!"

I looked round to see her standing firm as a rock, just inside the passage. She had my admiration then! In front of her, with his back toward me, was the third gunman nursing a bleeding hand. On the floor between him and Sally lay a rifle. Torn between an urge to chase Reiner and finish him, and the chance to arm myself, I hesitated, and in that second Reiner fired a parting shot from across the length of the temple which almost creased my hair.

With that I leaped at the man with his back toward me, and punched him just under the ear. Hoping I'd broken his confounded neck, I jumped for the rifle on the floor and secured it. When I turned to finish him off with the rifle-butt he was unconscious, and I simply couldn't bring myself to do it. So I leaned against the wall, examined the rifle and saw that it was loaded. Then I peered round the wall in search of Reiner, and saw nothing but the empty temple in every direction.

As I ran full out across the temple floor for the main entrance Nina's voice called after me imploringly.

"Sam! Come back! Come back. . . ."

Outside the temple I could see three figures racing on across open ground for the dormitory caves. Thormanson led the way, and was closely followed by Tiny Milton. Reiner turned as I emerged from the temple, lifted his rifle. When I ran straight at him my deliberate action must have unnerved Reiner, and he too, turned to run. I saw Thormanson reach the shelter of the caves and disappear, with Tiny almost on top of him. Reiner hesitated at the first opening, but I was too close and he ran on out of sight.

We entered that long passage which terminated inside the cave of pictures, and it was here that Thormanson and Tiny closed with each other—and Reiner waited for me. I was a blind fool, of course, to allow my feelings to overcome my discretion. As I dashed between the straddled legs of the frightful figure carved on the wall of the cave Reiner's arms closed about my middle in a crushing grip, and we went down together. All the breath was knocked out of my body in the fall, and I was "out" to the world when Reiner stood up—raised his rifle. . . .

A red mist obscured my vision in those awful moments, but I could see two dim figures rising out of nowhere behind Reiner as he towered above me. . .

NEXT WEEK:
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A GIRL WHO TOOK UP WRITING TO PASS THE TIME DURING A LONG ILLNESS, writes: "Delicate health, long absences from home and various other causes have prevented my making journalism more than a spare-time occupation, but that spare time has been not only enjoyable but productive. My success has been sufficient to prove, also, that, should it become necessary, making a living by my pen would not by any means be an impossibility. I am, therefore, in a position to recommend the Courses of the Premier School of Journalism to three different classes of people—those who want to make a living by writing, those who want a spare-time occupation, and those who merely want to be interested, taken out of themselves, and shown the way to turn boring and unprofitable hours into happy ones."

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A BUSINESS MAN writes: "The fruits of my evening and week-end labours form a very useful addition to my salary. And quite apart from the financial aspect, free-lancing is fascinating and stimulating. It keeps you alert, makes your ordinary occupation even more interesting, and turns the world from a little space inside you to a great company of interests all around you."

A HOSPITAL NURSE writes: "Long before I had finished the Course I had repaid the fees many times over, and bought a typewriter, too. Now I have two of the latest models, and I employ two secretaries and an assistant working full time. My weekly receipts have touched a total of £20. My biggest trouble is that I can't write all I could sell, because the twenty-four hours are not long enough!"

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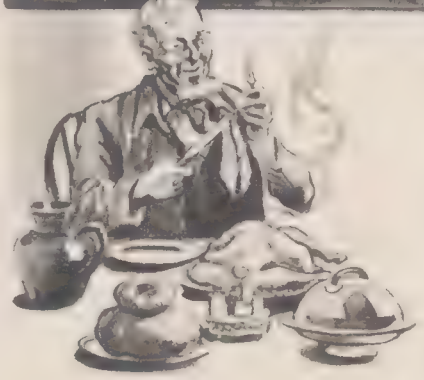


He made enquirations "sorruptitious like" as we say, to discover when his various patrons were concluding their holidays and found there would be none left by Michaelmas day. He went to Mr. Pattimore and bargained for what is called a green goose

SUPPER IS SERVED

Thomas Tump was determined that, come what might, the harvest supper should take place. But his efforts to ensure its success could scarcely be called altruistic

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. TURNER

MR. WADE, of Scratchetts, was known to be leaving the district, after harvest. He came with his father from Cornwall, in the early 'nineties, when heavy land was worth just what any venturesome man would give for it. Scratchetts, with its four hundred acres of three horse clay, ample buildings and solid homestead, fetched just fifteen hundred pounds and only the tithe constituted a burden.

Mr. Wade, the elder, had three sons, a wife and three daughters; he hired three men, one of them being a stripling named Thomas Tump. Now, after rather more than forty years, George Wade, the son who stuck to farming and inherited the farm, had saved enough for a new start. His sisters were married, one brother was dead and another settled in the "sheers" or shires, a disreputable part of England. It was to join this brother in the hazardous business of cattle fattening that Mr. Wade was leaving Scratchetts, but, knowing how the "sheers" are looked down on, he kept his own counsel.

Of the staff engaged by the elder Mr. Wade, only Thomas Tump remained, and he is nearing what he calls "his sixty." He has a wife with two children, married daughters both, who, at reasonable intervals, send gifts in kind, as each has a husband in the provision trade. In his secret heart, Mr. Tump was not unduly concerned by his master's retirement. He had received a five pound bonus for forty years' faithful service to Scratchetts, he could "go on the box" and get more for taking a rest than he could earn for a full week's work in days when he was young. His garden is productive. In the hole under a board in the bedroom, to which the bonus was consigned, the notes did not dwell alone.

But when he went through Great Mudford and Maychester, men and women were oddly sympathetic and he cast about, being a man at once prudent and discerning, for means to cash this kind regard.

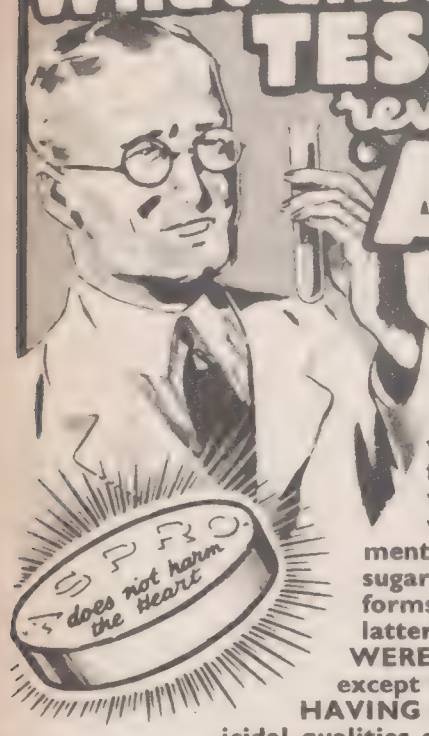
The tenant who lives on Grey Goose Green was the first to express condolence after Mr. Tump had resolved on a line of conduct. He was confronted with a sheet of foolscap, on the top of which was written, in laborious hand, HARVEST SUPPER. SCRATCHETTS. Mr. Mould, the pensioner, who is by way of being a scholar, had written the words and asked no questions.

"That Master Wade's gooin'" declared Mr. Tump, "an' there on't be no harvest supper. Me an' me mates will feel the miss of it."

"I didn't know you had one at Scratchetts," remarked the tenant and produced half a crown. "Put y'r name an' y'r money down, please," said Mr. Tump, "an' thanky f'r me." The tenant did as requested and Mr. Tump went in pursuit of Reverend Blazer, who was equally generous. Then, backed by the tenant and the clergyman, Mr. Tump called boldly on all the furriners enjoying their summer holidays on the marsh. He pointed out that his appeal had the support of the rector and of a man of good-will who was a furriner "same as themselves." Some asked where the supper was held and if they might come as spectators and to all these Mr. Tump extended a warm invitation, asking them to put their address as well as their name on his piece of paper, that he might be able to give them the correct date in due course.

(*please turn to page* 32)

What an ANALYST'S TEST-TUBE revealed about 'ASPRO'



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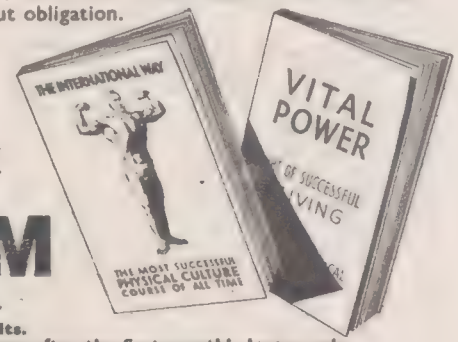

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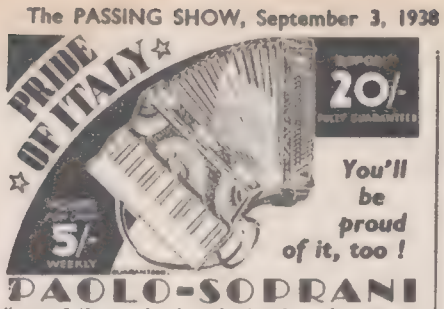

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He worked hard, for he has no bicycle and, after a day in the harvest field, the call of the road is almost inaudible, but he has grit and determination. He made enquirations, "sorruptitious like" as we say, to discover when his various patrons were concluding their holidays and found that there would be none left by Michaelmas Day. He went to Mr. Pattimore and bargained for what is called a green goose; he went to Mrs. Chase and "spoke for" her little sitting-room for a supper for two or perhaps three, Mrs. Chase to stuff and cook the goose, supply a crusty loaf, butter, cheese and half a gallon of beer. For all these services, including a fire in the sitting-room, the landlady of the "Wheatsheaf" asked three shillings and sixpence and Mr. Tump paid cash, just as he had paid cash for the goose, his appeal "for me an' me mates" having yielded close upon thirty shillings. It was, perhaps, the most successful venture of his quiet, uneventful life.

Mr. Wade left a few days before Quarter Day, though, under his agreement, he might have stayed a week over that date, and the two men who worked with Mr. Tump went with him to the "sheers." They are not married and the disgrace of the association has apparently passed them by. Mr. Tump parted with them expressing good wishes rather than grief; he forgot to mention the efforts he had been making on their behalf. Subscribers to a happy occasion saw no more of Mr. Tump and doubtless the memory of their generosity did not linger. Mrs. Chase asked no questions save when she received the goose. "That ain't overmuch for you all," she remarked, "but I'll stuff it and you'd better have a pound o' sausages to go along of it." To this suggestion Mr. Tump gave instant agreement and a shilling. He concluded with the words "ha' pas' six, sharp."

Two nights later, when only three remained between him and the eventful day, he looked in at the "Wheatsheaf" and remarked, mysteriously, "we shan't be more'n two."

"Then you won't hardly want th' sausages," suggested practical Mrs. Chase.

"You'd best get 'em," rejoined Mr. Tump, "you never know."

"Maggie," said Mr. Tump on the evening before the date fixed, "I on't be back till latish agen;" he had had several long evenings lately.

"Shall I keep y'r tea?" she inquired.

"No," he said, "I'll be gettin' somethin' there."

"What'll you be doin'?" asked Mrs. Tump.

"I'll be clearin' things up," he replied, evasively. "You don't wanter wait up, Maggie," he went on, kindly, "you never know how long you are on a job like that. Keep th' fire well mended an' if I'm late, I'll lay on the sofa. You kin git th' owd horse rug down."

"I'd leifer you'd come to y'r bed," she urged.

"Better not if that's late an' you're asleep," he answered her. "That don't do to wake people up. They stay awake often as not. Time a farm's a movin' of itself there's forever o' litter."

He reduced his midday meal to narrowest dimensions, only half the lower part of a loaf with a modest slice of cheese and one onion, and when work was over and he reached the "Wheatsheaf" he was at the top of his form. He carried a small, brown paper carrier in his pocket.

"I ain't waitin'" he told Mrs. Chase. "Me frien'll be late. A furriner, a tall man with a black beard. Ast him in when he comes an' thanky kindly. You kin set everything on and we'll help ourselves like." Mrs. Chase obliged without emotion and, the table loaded, Mr. Tump sat down and made atonement for a long day's work on an inadequate ration. The goose, stuffed tightly by Mrs. Chase in anticipation of a triple charge upon its resources and reinforced by sausages, put up a gallant resistance, but the attack was pressed home without respite. In her bar parlour, Mrs. Chase wearied of waiting for the black-bearded furriner and thought it might be as well to keep the remains of the feast hot for that unpunctual man. So, after nearly two hours had passed, she tapped at the door and looked in. Mr. Tump was still fighting steadily but of his ultimate victory there could be no manner of doubt. On the plate that should have served the bearded furriner was a pile of bones, on Mr. Tump's another but smaller one. On the dish, the goose presented a pathetic sight; it had neither legs nor thighs nor breast; even the breast bone had been cut away and the stuffing it covered was now a remnant so forlorn that it revealed a back bone. Of the sausages, two remained, of the fried potatoes, none.

"Your friend hasn't bin," said Mrs. Chase, feeling that speech was incumbent upon her.

"That's a dirty bit of him," growled Mr. Tump. "Do ye bring me a quartern o' good rum, y'r best, if you'll be so kind, Widder Chase. I'm tired o' waitin' f'r th' owd muck. I doubt he ain't comin'." Mrs. Chase, greatly wondering, retired and returned with the rum.

"I don't think nawthen to a goose, Widder Chase," he cried, bitterly. "Leastaways, not by the good rights. An awkward sort o' bird to my thinkin'. Most too much f'r one an' not enough f'r two."

"You might have had your wife along o' you, Bob," suggested Mrs. Chase, and it was only then that Mr. Tump, who was sipping his rum, threw a momentary light on the proceedings.

"You don't have wimmen to Harvest Suppers, leastaways, they on'y come to look arter th' men," he said, with an air and expression of great triumph. "It ain't seem'ly otherwise. You bin an' looked arter me well enough, Widder Chase, an' I'm behowden to ye. Wittles f'r me ain't wittles f'r her," he added, "ne more ain't beer by th' good rights."

"It's my belief, Bob," cried Mrs. Chase, "that there ain't any furriner with a black beard."

Mr. Tump looked at her with extraordinary cunning.

"You never kin tell in this here world," he said, "if anybody's anybody or not. But what I've ate an' drunk I bin an' pide for, an' you gotter allow that's a true word, Widder Chase." She said no more, for there was a noise as of customers calling. More than an hour later, he knocked on the floor and she returned. "Bring me another pint o' beer like a good sowl," he asked her, "an' put another drop o' rum along of it. They like theirselves, do beer an' rum."

"Not another drop, Bob," she replied, firmly. "You've had half a gallon and a quartern o' rum. You got as much as you can carry, to my thinkin'."

"Happen you're right, ma'am," said Mr. Tump, well knowing that Mrs. Chase cannot be moved from a decision on this vital question. "I'd better be gettin' along." So saying he produced the brown paper container and emptied the remains of the goose and the two sausages into it. "I'll take that home to Maggie," he said, still a little thickly. "If a man got a good wife," he continued, almost tearfully, "he don't wanter forgit her. She's a good woman is my Maggie an' all th' world knows it." So saying, Mr. Tump finished the beer and the rum, rose with difficulty, went down the stairs with infinite care and out into the cold, keen air.

He walked home slowly and carefully, for neither the road beneath his feet nor the heavens above his head appeared to be as steady as they should have been, while his feet showed an unaccountable tendency to stray. "Howd up, do," he cried to them, angrily. "You don't wanter slip about, your time o' life."

He entered the cottage with extreme caution. His wife had left a pillow as well as the horse rug, she had tended the fire and left the tea pot on the hob. It was only with an effort he refrained from shouting his expression of gratitude up the stairs, remembering just in time that he would have to follow it. He looked for a moment at his boots. "No," he said, "stay where ye are. Tried to put me wrong to-night, darn ye." So saying, he rolled on to the sofa and slept after the fashion of tired, just men. His wife woke and listened; there could be no doubt that he was at home and she was well content.

On the following morning, Mr. Tump rose feeling fit and fresh and well. He went to the scullery and pumped cold water over his head. Then from the pot that had been simmering all night he took his wife a cup of strong tea to her great satisfaction. When she came down the table was spread.

"Ded ye have a lot to do las' night, Tom?" she said.

"I kep' forever busy till it was more'n nine o'clock," he replied.

"Did ye have anything to eat?" she inquired, anxiously.

"He done me well," replied Mr. Tump, "I got a nice bit o' goose an' sausage an' I managed to bring a bit back f'r you. That wanted a bit o' doin', I kin tell ye," he added, mysteriously. He produced from the brown paper carrier two wings, two sausages and a backbone sprinkled lightly with sausage meat.

"That's a master," cried Mrs. Tump. "I got a nice, cold, suet puddin' and some pertaters. I'll fry it all up f'r dinner. Did you have enough f'r y'rself, bringin' all this home?"

"Do ye fry ut" agreed Mr. Tump, "an' don't you bother about me, Maggie. I dedn't do bad. Had all I wanted. There's whiles," he remarked, pathetically, "a man gotter work so hard, his appetite flinch from him. An' he git upset, time he leave a place where he's worked most forty year. But there," he added, brightening a little, "they do say that that Master Semple's goin' to hire Scratchetts an' he's mos'ly bound to want me."

"An' you'll take money, time you're out, Bob," Mrs. Tump reminded him.

"That makes a difference," he admitted. "If you gotter mite o' money on ye you feel different."

He would have loved to thrust a questing hand into the pocket that held some twenty-five shillings of the Harvest Supper collection, but prudence forbade, for Mrs. Tump, albeit with love and affection in her eyes, was looking at him far too closely.

OLD BILL AND BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MESSENGER OF MYSTERY

Continued from page 13

on to what pitch he has arrived in evolutionary development. Modern man is infinitely superior to the God that our ancestors, three thousand years ago visualised."

Ananda stopped speaking, and I was silent. The advancing water had almost reached our feet now; a cool wind was blowing in-shore.

"You are going back to Egypt again shortly," Ananda said at last. "Take these thoughts with you—and one other."

"What is that other?" I asked, not realising that I had not told him that I was returning to Egypt within a couple of days.

"This," said Ananda. "Most men's reasoning consists entirely in trying to justify themselves—to defend, that is, their mere beliefs. Don't defend beliefs, for they are not worth defence. When you try to reason, do so for the purpose always of seeking truth. Nothing else matters. The true purpose of life is not furthered by pursuing any other cause. Nobody has ever profited by striving for wealth, fame, honour or power. True happiness comes of alliance with God, and alliance with God comes, not of prayer and fasting and piety, but of knowledge. It is knowledge that brings freedom, for it brings that so-called spiritual power that controls one's state of *being* instead of one's mere physical conditions. . . . And now, good-bye, my son." He ended with a joke. "If we stay here any longer we shall be drowned!"

After this second meeting with Ananda there followed two eventful years. Until the end of 1920 my regiment remained in the desert. The years 1919 saw the "trouble" in Egypt—it is largely forgotten now but it was not dissimilar to the "trouble" in Ireland during the War—and we, in the desert, were cut off from our source of supplies, so that we had to sacrifice our horses and mules for food. In 1920 the prisoners of war were repatriated and I conveyed one shipload of them to Constantinople. Afterwards I had a month's leave in India and at the end of the year the regiment returned to India.

Then it was that I became Adjutant of the 91st Punjabis. Towards the end of 1921, when I was acting Major and 2nd-in-Command (permanent rank, Captain) we went on the Waziristan Campaign, and in the Spring of the following year, because of the old wound which had broken out in my foot, I went home on furlough.

I booked a passage home on an Ellerman City liner from Karachi, but I had to wait ten days for it. Meanwhile I wanted to see Ananda again. All the way from Lahore across the Sind Desert my mind was filled with the one thought. To see Ananda was essential. I could not tell you why, but it seemed to me that something new—apart from my furlough—was about to happen, and I was experiencing a curious feeling of apprehension. But perhaps the cause of this was the fact that the wound on my foot was continuously suppurating, and my constitution was weakened accordingly.

At Karachi I tried to think of Ananda dispassionately. I told myself that he was nothing to me. I knew nothing about him, but I judged, both from his name and from what my extensive reading of Indian literature told me, that he had a Buddhist background, yet I did not think he was an orthodox member of that faith. I could not doubt that he had a wonderful power—quite apart from his ability to forecast the future.

When I had met him the second time I had been compelled to recognise that he spoke as *one having authority*. What he had told me had, quite plainly, not been a statement of mere belief, of traditional teaching which he had accepted just because it was traditional; it had sprung from knowledge and been delivered as facts. But whence had it come?

I wondered whether I should go to Bombay and try to find the man again, but it represented a long journey, and it might be quite fruitless. My last meeting with him had seemed to be miraculous—to have been engineered in an uncanny way by Ananda, that is, but now I was not so sure of that. It might have been mere coincidence, the sceptic in me suggested.

Then one night I dreamt of Ananda. I saw him as a giant; he was pointing across the sea, presumably westward, and when I looked in that direction there rose from the sea a great church which opened out so that I saw its interior. At the far end was a magnificent altar, and before it stood priests in vestments. Through a mist of incense I saw the lights of six candles and a gleaming crucifix.

I looked back at Ananda. Incense seemed to wreathe about him, too. He faded into it, still pointing steadily westwards. There was a smile on his face Just before the mist hid him from sight he spread his arms so that he represented a cross; then he brought them forward as though he blessed me; and then he disappeared.

Morning was breaking when I awoke, full of my dream. That it was no ordinary dream, I was sure, for whereas most of my night-visions have always been typically chaotic, there have been several occasions in my life when they have been orderly as this had been. One such for instance, was when I was a child and several days before the unexpected death of King Edward VII was announced, I "saw" a royal funeral; another was a vision of my escape from a bad car accident which "came true" next day; another was of a newspaper "streamer" headline bearing the words "Halse Crashes" on the night before the favourite in the England-South Africa air race in 1936 came to grief—this was a pre-vision of the streamer headline which was used by the *Daily Express* after the accident happened and which I saw next day.

There have been other such "visions," and always they have come when I have been in a low state of health—usually when I have been overworking.

The Freudian theory of dreams does not cover these rare examples of pre-vision, though as a student of psychology I believe that Freud's hypothesis satisfactorily accounts for most of the phenomena of the dream-world.

Well, that "vision" of Ananda had a profound effect on me. Whether it was in any sense prophetic or whether it had in itself no significance yet influenced my later doings I do not pretend to say—for in the latter connection I am prepared to admit that many of the vital steps we take in life are the result of subconscious motivation which is itself of no significance.

Sixteen years have passed since then, and meanwhile I have not seen Ananda again. Yet always I have the feeling that in moments of doubt and crisis he is invisibly present—a sort of *alter ego*, ever ready to guide me. How much he has been responsible for my thoughts and actions in the intervening years I cannot tell you; but this I know, that every year he becomes more and more understandable to me and that one day I shall comprehend why he singled me out twenty years ago and compelled me, by demonstrating his uncanny powers, to realise that he was more than an ordinary man.

GALLOWS FOR ONE

Continued from page 23

"Jake opened his mouth to speak and all was still as death."

"Spoke like a man, bup," said my uncle. "For a poor soul in his plight. 'For that I struck the lad and he is dead,' he said, 'I ask pardon of God and of you all, but murder I never had in my heart. All you who know me, give me, I pray, 'God speed.'"

"George then dropped the noose over his head," resumed the governor, "and parson began, 'Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live,' and some who had come and paid good money to see covered their eyes or turned away their heads, and in the deadly quiet that had fallen came a sound like a barking dog, 'Way! way!' so that folk stirred and the cry came clearer, 'Way for the Queen's Messenger! Reprieve! Reprieve!'

"A few set up a cheer as a rider came full stretch up the road, scattering folk like ninepins, his black cloak flying behind.

"So when he reached the sheriff he handed him a paper with seals. 'From Westminster, Mr. Sheriff,' he said. 'In the case of Jacob Scithers, I have ridden all night.'"

My uncle smote his thigh and laughed like a horse neighing.

"Coo," I said. "Lucky he was in time."

"'Take off that rope,' cried the sheriff. 'Cut those cords.' He'd had his duty to do but his heart weren't in it," explained the old man. "And then for Babel! What had gone before was just a whisper. This was Bedlam let loose, what with those who cheered and those who booed and those who wanted their money back from the farmer. Jake stood clear of it all upon the scaffold and filled his lungs with air. In all his life, before or after, no breath smelled sweeter, with old George pulling him by the sleeve in a sweat of fear and crying. 'Dear heaven, Jake, stand clear of the drop—if the bolt gives, you'll maybe break an arm.'

"But while sheriff and council stood around the young man in the black cloak looking at the parchment with its dangling seals, a purple-faced man came through, laying about him with a rattan cane, crying, 'Clear, you dogs, clear for a gentleman.' Bold as a brass sovereign, he walked up to them. 'What a devil's name is this, Mr. Sheriff?' asked he. 'What's this reprieve? As for your Queen's Messenger, if you know him not, I do. He's Samuel Chapman, son to Gregory Chapman, the attorney, who has lived in Kingsgate these last five years.'"

"Was it you, uncle?" I asked.

"I believe you, m'boy," nodded my great-uncle Chapman.

"Were you a Queen's Messenger?"

"No more than that sheepskin was a reprieve," said he.

"But what did they do?"

"Laid me by the heels, bup, where I was like soon to stand where Jake was standing, and had the poor soul in bonds again, with all the people pleased as Punch they weren't to miss the show."

"But," I said. "You weren't . . . er—how did you get off, uncle?"

"'Twas this way, bup," said he. "Parson got to his prayers again and pretty slick he was, for those against Jake were looking ugly, crying out that they'd wasted time enough and how they'd have the sheriff deposed for negligence, vowing that in a minute they would do the job themselves and a fight started at the scaffold foot, while the parson prayed, watchmen with their staves and the bobtail armed with hedge stakes. There were bleeding heads enough that morning. Then parson made an end and old George put his hand to the lanyard of the bolt to pull and on the edge of the crowd a pistol popped and then another.

"'Pull, George, pull,' called the bobtail, but all eyes turned to the sound of the shot where there stood another rider on a great, white horse with a smoking pistol in his hand.

"'Passage in the name of her Majesty the Queen,' he roared. 'Business of life and death'"

"D'ye see, young sir," said the governor. "He was real this time and none could doubt it. Some black-hearted knave had waited for him on the road, pretending to show him the shortest way and took him to the middle of Bigberry Wood and lost him there. He carried a free pardon. Jake rode home in the Earl of Dorking's coach."

He paused. He closed his eyes. His head sunk.

"That was a goodish time ago, Jake," said my great-uncle.

"Sixty-seven years," said the old man.

"Jake?" said I.

The governor turned to the picture over the mantel and twanged the cord by which it hung. It was three-ply—stout and strong enough to stand the weight of a man.

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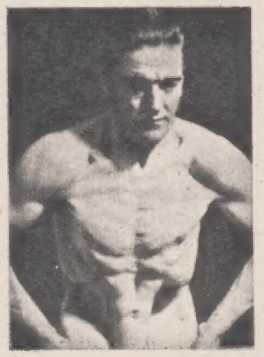

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NEXT WEEK

DOUGLAS NEWTON, author of the new "Savaran" serial was born a writer, but fate and a genial disposition in common brought him into contact with Arnold Bennett. For some time he acted as his secretary and Bennett having a glowing personality and Mr. Newton being at an impressionable age—the association was fruitful.

Since those days, our author has himself written many novels and innumerable short stories. He has drifted about the world in search of colour and atmosphere, and how successful he has been in capturing these elusive qualities, readers of his Savaran stories know well.

He has a curious knack of turning up in a country just when something unusual is afoot. He found himself in Vienna during a revolution, turned up in Danzig during a minor international crisis. He happened to be in Yugoslavia when King Alexander was assassinated, saw many happenings that did not get into the papers and was even shadowed as a spy on a train run to Sarajevo.

Such mixing in life gets the stories. And he has mixed well. He has tried his hand at engineering, architecture and editing, while as a social correspondent he accompanied the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, on a tour through Canada and the States.

He is a leader writer and a literary critic. He has been a private in the Air Force and a military expert. But his real job is writing stories for practically every magazine and newspaper of note in England and the States, and his works have been translated into many languages.

Readers of his Savaran stories, which have appeared from time to time in PASSING SHOW, will welcome this serial dealing with the same vital character. They may also be interested to know that a number of Savaran's adventures are already published as a book after having appeared in this country and in the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune*, two widely-read American publications.

YOU'RE TELLING US

WE have long sympathised with the A.B. who reported sick and on being asked what was the matter with him, explained: "I sleeps 'earty, I eats 'earty, but when anyone mentions work, I comes over all of a tremble." Right from the day when the first dollop of moral precepts was rammed down our youthful but protesting gullet—"There's no fun like work" and "Satan finds some mischief yet for idle hands to do" were a couple of our kind teacher's pet bromides—the

lilies of the field have been our favourite flower and the industrious ant has nothing on the Giant Sloth as far as this department is concerned.

Up to now we had thought of the loud-voiced champions of work as nothing worse than a bothersome bunch of bores who believed "*Dolce far niente*" was an air from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but having read what Mr. Terry Reynolds, of Boscombe, Hants, has to say on the subject of Work—The Thing You'll Love to Hate, we are starting to realise that the *labor omnia vincit* boys are not only a pain in the neck, but a positive peril.

"We all know," proclaims Mr. Reynolds, "that the American girl was glorified by Ziegfeld; Tommy Atkins was glorified by Kipling; youth movements glorified by Herr Hitler; and G. Bernard Shaw glorified by George B. Shaw. But who, in the name of all the bats in every belfry, was the first person to glorify hard work?

"The question is not as flippant as it sounds," protests Mr. Reynolds, warming to the good work of denouncing work. "No human being—no normal one, at any rate—has a natural, inborn love of work (ask the average small boy!) and in the early days of the history of our race they probably liked it even less. They did only as much as was strictly necessary to provide them with food and shelter, I suppose, and gyred and gambolled through the main part of their time, as we all would if we only had half a chance to do so.

"The idea that work is a noble end in itself, that it's better to do something useless than to do nothing, has been responsible for a lot of mischief. People are so obsessed with the idea that unless they are busy they are 'wasting time,' that if they don't have nervous breakdowns through overwork, they have them because they are afraid that they will not have enough work to do."

Having tried to work out that last profound thought, we had no energy left to probe into the non-flippant question Mr. Reynolds puts, and Uncle Joe, whose sage opinion we sought, proved but a broken reed. Shaking his hoary head, he merely demanded, "What *is* hard work?" with all the querulousness of a High Court judge asking who is Don Bradman, and forthwith relapsed into a brooding silence.

Yet, without hard work this old world of ours would be not only a mighty dull place, but a mighty primitive one. And anyway, we have it on the authority of no less a person than William Shakespeare—alias the Immortal Bard, the Sweet Swan of Avon, and Francis Bacon—that "If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work."

No sooner had we shelved that query, than another popped up to confront us. Mr. A. E. Cox, of London, S.E.16, is responsible for it, asking: "Why is it that though we laddies carefully search out the best shops for suits, shoes, hair oil, sports gear and so on and are always prepared to try a new dealer, when needing a hair-cut we always attend the same barber's shop?

"Though I have been getting my hair cut for over twenty years, I have never been to more than one barber's, and my father has been to the same shop for over forty years. When I mentioned this to my barber, he said that it was no unusual thing and that he has customers who have been coming into his shop at the same hour on the same day of the week regularly since before the war."

Well, that should not be such a difficult one to answer, for there must be a whole heap of reasons for sticking to the same barber. Knowing that he won't try to

palm off a fearsome array of unwanted lotions and tonics on you; being assured that he will cut your hair short at the back and sides without having to be reminded of the way you want the job done; the knowledge born of long years of experience, that if the name of the horse he whispers to you as a sitter for the three-thirty is the same as the one you yourself fancied you will be quite safe in switching to some other animal, are a few reasons that come to mind.

For our part, we always go to the same barber for the simple reason that he now knows the coppers we hand him in advance are not meant as a tip, but as hush money.

And now here is Mr. Robert Lock, of Exmouth, Devon, to tell the touching story of the *cephalopod*—octopus to you—that was shown locally. Among the visitors was a girl on the arm of her somewhat bashful young man, and together they gazed at the exhibit as the attendant in charge began: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, as you can see, the octopus has eight arms."

"Oh, Bert," exclaimed the sweet creature, coming to with a start. "How I wish you were an octopus!"

Which seems to suggest that some women are often up in arms—unless they are often up in arms.

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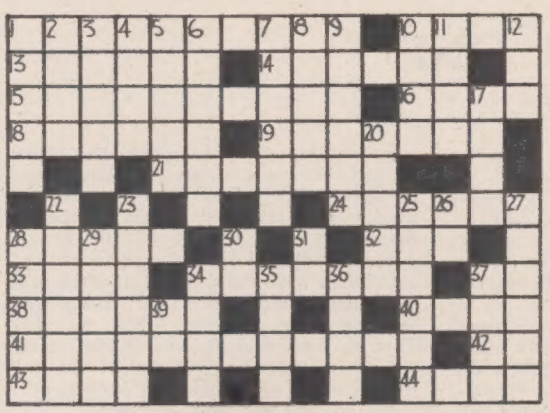
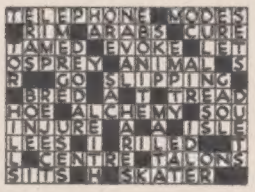


CLUES ACROSS

1. Appropriate to the time.
10. Slight mention or insinuation.
13. Taste or means of.
14. Covered or roamed.
15. Shrewdness.
16. Twist 37 down into something more lively.
18. Securely fastened.
19. Apart.
21. Bring back to former condition.
24. Time periods.
28. Fatty substance.
32. Imitate.
33. Temporary use granted.
34. Possessing necessary ability.
37. Half 37 down.
38. Dress.
40. Not far away.
41. Cannot be rooted out.
42. Directional part of 40 across.
43. Tom Pearce of Widecombe had one.
44. Grows in marshy places.

CLUES DOWN

1. Irregular movement.
2. Comfort.
3. Used to be place of sacrifice.
4. Old Testament character.
5. Water beast.
6. Required.
7. One of life's necessities.
8. There's a noose on this.
9. Make certain.
10. Take notice.
11. Not active.
12. Sun-tint perhaps.



Solution to last week's puzzle

17. A span.
20. Panel for part of India.
22. Garnet for place over the Border.
23. Caustic comment.
25. Important personage may be this at a bazaar.
26. Head and tail of 34 across provides denominational abbreviation.
27. Distributed.
28. Demand as a right.
29. May pass through the portals in so doing.
30. A degree.
31. And this is a higher one.
34. Yield.
35. Just a step.
36. A bit of humanity.
37. May be long and winding.
39. Artistic distinction.

B257 | 16 | L.S.11 | A 121

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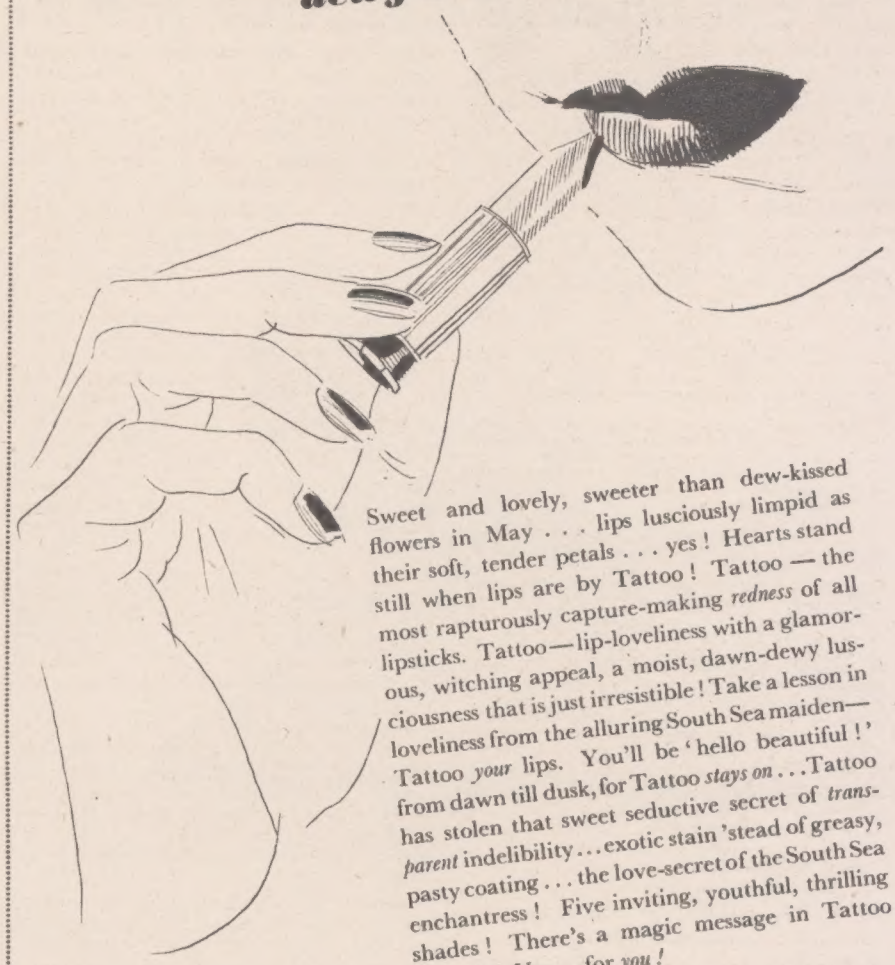

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Five rapturous shades · *Coral* · *Exotic* · *Natural* · *Pastel* · *Hawaiian* · **4/6 (refill 3/6)**

Other Tattoo Products
Mascara, Compact Rouge, Face Powder, are also distinguished for their long-lasting quality. It's a Tattoo secret that all share. Have you tried them?

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It takes one minute only for Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to relieve pain and only a few days to soften and loosen corns and callouses, so they lift right out—painlessly. Cushion and protect sore toes and tender spots; prevent blisters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 1/3 per pkt.

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Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"Yes, Joan, and well shaved, too! Since I've started using Razvite, the wonderful brushless shaving cream, I get a better shave in one-fifth the usual time. What's more, my face is now smooth and comfortable—not rough and sore. Uncle Harry put me on to Razvite—said it was marvellous—and, by Jove, he was right; Razvite saves me endless time, pain and trouble."

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BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

6D & 1/6 GIANT TIN 2/6

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In the most unexpected places

Illustrated below — Watendlath, a beautiful hamlet near Keswick. "Player's" can be purchased at this old house which is reputed to be the home of Judith Paris, the heroine in Sir Hugh Walpole's novel of that name.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends— Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please

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